P.P. 9716.c

THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO. 12. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRELAND HONORED.

The St. Patrick's Anniversity Appropriately Celebrated by the Irish-American Club at the Auditorium.

Brilliant Speeches—Major General Miles, U. S. A., Bears High Testimony to the Valor of the Irish Brigade.

Other Remarks.

The tenth annual banquet and ball of the Irish-American Club, given at the Auditorium Hotel, on the evening of St. Patrick's Day, was a pronounced success. The attendance was large, the music, furnished by Rosenbecker's orchestra, classic, the menu excellent and the speeches brief but ringing and eloquent. The chief guests of the evening were Gen. Nelson A. Miles, U.S.A.; Mayor Cregier and Capt. Maus, U.S.A., aide-de camp to Gen. Miles.

President M. B. Hereley discharged the duties of his position with dignity and hospitality, and did his utmost to make everybody feel happy. He was ably seconded by Messrs. William Fogarty, T. J. Darcy, Joseph J. Duffy, Capt. James E. Bourke, P. McHugh and other active members of the club.

The costumes of the ladies were exquisite, and their great variety added to the picturesqueness of the scene. There was no departure from the conventional evening costume among the gentlemen.

It was fully 9:30 o'clock before those assembled sat down to the banquet, which was admirably served. The clock indicated an hour before midnight, when the cheerful rattle of weapons of the feast and the jingling of wine glasses subsided. Then President Hereley arose, amid applause, and spoke in substance to the toast of "The Day We Celebrate" as follows:

Once again we are met to commemorate Ireland's natal day. Its new birth in throwing off the chains of pagan thraldom symbolizes to us the eternal aspirations of Erin to throw off the chains of political slavery. It is the outward sign of the inward regeneration of undying nationality.

And well have we selected St. Patrick's Day to make manifest our undying love for our patron saint. The Irish-American Club, since its organization, has always looked forward with pride and ambition to celebrate the day in a patriotic manner, and it is highly proper that any organization bearing the name of Irish-American should. The combination Irish-American pictures to us a people who in their ardent aspiration for the blessings of freedom have abandoned forever their home and native land and have gone beyond the great ocean into a strange country where they could find what they and their forefathers for ages fought for—life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They are so ardently devoted to republican institutions that they sympathize (and who dare blame them) with the triumph of republican principles in the old country.

I see around me sons or the descendants of the ancient Irish kings, and I can assure you they are patriotic Americans, and that, were it in their power, not only royal Meath, but the whole thirty-two counties of Ireland would be a united republic. And so the sons of sires who through all the dreary days of religious and political persecutions fought the good fight, are those who can appreciate by contrast the blessings of their government, and who fought to preserve this country before its borders were invaded by people who seek to impart the class and religious hatred of other climes and times. [Applause.]

"With malice toward none, with charity toward all," we invite you to listen to the responses to the toasts by the invited speakers of the evening in honor of the day we celebrate.

The Hon. Marcus Kavanagh responded most eloquently to "The President of the United States." In concluding his remarks Judge Kavanagh said:

A thought on its history with a glance at the map shows its destiny without the aid of prophecy. Before three generations its law shall reign where sleep the snows of eternal winter, and the light of the stars shall shine from its flag upon the dweller in the tropics. Three hundred million souls shall own its sovereignty, and under its influence, from where now stretch the unfathomable wilderness and the uninhabited swamp, shall come at last the music of turning wheels and lowing herds. But a mightier task than the material development of a continent is marked out for its hands. The great political problems which affect the happiness of humanity can find no solution in social conditions which are crystallized; a new people with creative power under new conditions can alone give the answer. And to this land and to this time history points and the future looks upward. The American statesman who loses sight of the coming greatness of his country and the sublimity of its mission, trifles with destiny and wrongs the mighty intelligence and power which surround him. To him who is the repository of this power, the representative of this people and the symbol of this destiny, we turn tonight with reverent greeting. Chosen by this great nation, working out the accomplishments of this manifest destiny, what king stands clothed with higher honor or truer dignity? May he and those who succeed him, through peace and through dang[illegible] keep the interest of the land secure [illegible] they hold its honor unsullied a[illegible] glory undimed, until under the influence of its genius there shall be in all the world no man who is a king, and no land that is not free.

So in other ages when the sceptre shall have passed from our hands, when power shall have gone back to the East and our race shall be a memory, let it be said that the things we wrought, the deeds in which we failed, even the dreams we dreamed, were worthier and more splendid than those which had gone before.

Mayor Cregier responded in a pleasant manner to "The City of Chicago."

GENERAL MILES' SPEECH.

When Gen. Miles arose to respond to the toast of "The Army and Navy," the audience gave him such an Irish cheer as he had hardly heard since the sword was turned into the plowshare at Appomatox. The glorious veteran looked the picture of martial vigor as he began his remarks, and as he proceeded his brilliant blue eyes kindled with enthusiasm. His periods were enthusiastically cheered. Following is a full report of the general's speech:

While the pages of history are replete with the horrors of war, they are at the same time aglow with the glorious achievements of armies and navies, and romance has not failed to clothe them with its charms. Chivalry, honor and valor have always been their high standards of faith and fealty. This great republic today owes its life to the armies and navies that battled for freedom and liberal government. The glorious struggle for independence in 1776, and the great naval war of 1812, shed lustre on the deeds of our fathers and placed us prominently before the world a martial people. The greatest of civil wars is familiar to all. Those who took part in the two former wars have passed away, and the two great armies that contended in the last war are rapidly disappearing, and again and again our nation mourns its loss while some great hero is borne with solemn rites to the silent bivouac of the dead. (Applause.)

At present our army is one of peace scattered over the western country. On the frontier, step by step, by its fortitude and sacrifices, it has prepared the way for the march of civilization. The army of this great republic is composed of citizens from every community of this broad land. Every soldier and sailor, while he may be subject to military government and control, is nevertheless a sovereign citizen. No tyrant king or cruel despotism can place a soldier or sailor in line beneath the stars and stripes. A brave, independent, patriotic citizen is best qualified to enter the service of the United States. He is not forced into the ranks, but takes his place to defend the honor of his country's flag and the welfare of his government of his own free will and accord. (Applause.) Another singular feature is the fact that those in the service of the republic belong to no one class, race, or nationality. Those who are native born can take pride in the achievements of their fathers, the glories of our history, and success of our government for the past one hundred years. Those who are foreign born, no matter of what nationality, can with equal spirit serve in the armies and navies of this great republic, knowing that that government is a government for the good of all mankind. They know that from whatever clime they come, in rendering service to the free institutions of America they are upholding, sustaining and maintaining a government that is founded upon the principle, in a political sense at least, that "all men are born free and equal." (Applause.)

Those principles will be appreciated by the children of that land who are today celebrating with reverence and pleasure this anniversary—the land that has furnished so many orators, scholars and soldiers. While the sons of that Green Isle can serve with spirit, fortitude and heroism in the snows of Russia, the plains of Austria, the sands of Africa, and the hills of Spain, and furnish its Wellingtons, Lacys, MacMahons and O'Neils for Europe it has also furnished such heroes as Montgomery, Wayne, Commodore John Barry, Shields and Sheridan on the soil of America. It was my good fortune during the war to have in my division that gallant body of men known as the Irish brigade of the Army of the Potomac, first commanded by that silver tongued orator, Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, and later by that splendid soldier, Gen. Robert Nugent. It is a singular thing that in 1846 the gifted orator should give expression to thoughts on the power and usefulness of the patriot's sword in these words: "At its stroke a giant nation sprang from the waters of the Atlantic, and by the redeeming magic of its touch, and in the quivering of its crimson light, the fettered colony became a free republic—prosperous, limitless, invincible," little thinking that fifteen years later he would be a general in the American army, at the head of a gallant body of men battling for the maintenance of that giant nation. (Applause.)

I have seen many times that brigade engaged in battle, and I remember as it passed over the green turf of Malvern Hill going into action on that memorable occasion, Meagher, riding in front of the line, turned, and drawing his own good sword said to his men: "Come on, my good men, Ireland shall have another day." He remembered with love his own native land while battling for the life of his adopted country. At Antietam I remember distinctly seeing the brigade ascending a crest swept by shot and shell, the morning light glistening on the bright banner of the stars and stripes. Alongside of that banner of freedom those men carried the flag of their own native land—the green flag of Ireland. Coming under the hot fire of the enemy both flags went down only to be raised again by some stout heroes, again to fall to the earth. They rose and fell in that way no less than five times until both were reddened with patriots' blood, yet they moved on together through the storm and smoke of battle to final victory. (Great applause.) The men of that brigade were heroic in battle and were the most cheerful soldiers in camp. It mattered not how deep the mud, how severe the storm, how limited the clothing or the amount of rations, they never were without their inspiring joy-producing humor and wit. Even amid the dread scenes of war their fondness for sport was always demonstrated. I remember on one occasion as the two armies were drawn up in battle array on the field of Antietam, an officer by the name of Gosson bantered Dr. Reynolds to a cross country race. The challenge was gallantly accepted and off they started over the fences and over the fields, the challenger not being able to dismount his competitor; they dashed out through the skirmish line at the risk of their lives and were cheered by the men of their own line as they passed out. The Confederates, who were equally fond of sport, were too chivalrous to take advantage of the close proximity of the dashing soldiers to their line in this hurdle race, and joined in the cheers to the Union soldiers and threw up their caps to see the gallant race over fences and ditches. As they passed down between the two skirmish lines and eventually turned back into their own lines without accident, they illustrated the reckless galantry and fine horsemanship of the two young officers. (Applause and laughter.)

If all the amusing incidents and stories and witty sayings could have been written during those dread scenes of war, it would make one of the most interesting volumes of literature. While they were patiently enduring the long delays and combinations which eventually gave success to the Union armies, it was amusing to hear some of their discussions. On one occasion a gallant soldier made the remark that St. Patrick was a greater general than Grant, and when asked for his reason he said: "Did it not take more maneuvres to drive out all the snakes and devils of Ireland than to drive out the rebels in Virginia, and did he not do it in much less time?" (Laughter and applause.) It matters not how changed their position or under what flag they may be living, they have always had a tender, warm affection for their own native land, and I trust that you will not love Ireland the less but love America more and more as the years roll on. Love her for the freedom of her institutions. Love her for the liberty of thought and action that she grants to all citizens of all nationalities. Love her for the advantages that she gives to her children in education, in industries, in arts and science, and as a result the prosperity, happiness and welfare of all of her people. (Great applause.) Love her and cherish her for her traditions, history and achievements, and for the blessings which we now enjoy, and the bright prospects that America holds out for all her citizens in the future. Love, honor, cherish and defend all her principles of government, and endeavor to fulfill all the duties and obligations of citizenship with sacred fidelity and unblemished honor. (Prolonged applause, amid which the renowned veteran resumed his seat.)

The next toast, "Irish Independence," was appropriately responded to by the Hon. William J. Hynes.

"The Ladies" was then drunk, with all the honors, and the company adjourned to the ball room, where they enjoyed the revelry of terpsichore until an early hour.

Among those present were: Messrs. and Mesdames N. J. Neary, Henry M'Garry, Owen Murray, M. B. Hereley, J. Caulfield, J. F. Finerty, A. J. Graham, C. P. Caldwell, E. H. Roche, W. D. Kent, D. Murphy, J. L. Cook, M. W. Ryan, D. Boyle, J. Bingham, E. F. Dunne, W. F. Fitzgerald, B. Cavenaugh, M. W. Kerwin, P. Smith, J. P. Ward, D. J. Murphy, M. F. Donahoe, T. G. Lynch. Messrs. H. Wrightson, H. L. McGivon, M. P. Mares, J. E. Dalton, L. D. O'Hara, T. Carney, J. Ronan, M. F. Madden, P. M. McGrath, T. J. Hunt, T. P. Wade, P. O'Brien, E. F. Kelly, E. Doyle, Arthur Dixon, J. F. O'Brien, L. J. Reed, W. J. English, E. H. J. Flynn, W. Devine, Jr., J. P. Farrell, J. J. Philbin, Jr., J. Conlan, Jr., J. S. Cooper, J. P. Barrett, J. L. Weadley, M. J. Keane, N. A. Miles, G. W. Cooke, J. S. Hyland, R. J. Reed, J. McEnery, J. B. Heeney, J. J. Gallery, T. O'Brien, T. Galvan, S. O'Brien, Willie Neary, J. J. Roach, E. P. Harvey, A. W. Sullivan, M. R. Kelly, J. T. McGrath, M. F. Gallagher, M. P. Shea, G. H. Cochrane, J. S. Murphy, W. Fogarty, P. A. Degnann, J. H. Rogers, T. H. Cannon, W. F. Carroll, J. MacMahon, P. T. Barry, A. D. Plamondon, J. W. Bremner, W. J. Fortune, R. Blomery, T. Kelley, J. M. Smythe. Misses Josie Murphy, Katie O'Brien, Anna O'Brien, Lydia Donohue, Hyland, Alice McMullen, Hattie O'Brien, Alice Mackin, M. Bennett, Mamie Nelson, A. Devine, Mary E. Roach, F. Heeney, Josie Norton, Crane, Jennie Clancy, M. Mulligan, Julia Murphy, Kittie McHarney, Dorris McKay, Lizzie Ryan, Belle Conway, Winnie Carmon, Maggie E. Keane, Mollie Quirk, Tener C. Farren, Lizzie Garrety, Annie Kenny, Clara Dixon, Clara Para, Agnes Coleman, Jennie Snell, M. Bremner, Helen Quirk, Therese Dunlap, Lizzie Gately, Mamie Carney, Kate Kelly, Bessie McDonald, Alice Ryan, Annie Roach, Mabel Burry, Mary Benett, Lillian Nelsen Ella O'Hara, Belle Bremner, Rose Sullivan, Nellie Weadley, Julia Carmon, Kittie Wade, Nannie Donahue, Elizabeth Ryan, A. Doyle, Ella T. Woodlock, Alice Fynn, Mollie Bremner. Mesdames D. Quirk, J. McEnerny, T. Gahab, M. R. Kelly, M. Gray.

"Don't feel well," and yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor,—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence and cheerfulness.

The exterior of the Catholic church of Urlingford has been recently renovated by the Rev. Father Roe, C.C. A magnificent set of stations of the cross, painted in oils and set in carved oak frames, have been procured from Mr. Bull, of Dublin. The ceremoney of blessing the stations will take place at an early date.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

Ireland's Great Patron Saint Honored by Multitudes in Chicago.

A Glorious Day of Brilliant Sunshine, and a Very Fine Turnout.

St. Patrick's Day, 1891, was one of the finest days on which the anniversary of Ireland's patron saint was ever celebrated. No finer day for a parade could possibly be desired. The sun shone brigntly, and the air, without being too cold, was crisp and dry. It would be hard to say the exact numbers that were in the parade. They must have been considerable, if one could form any estimate of their number by the space of time it took for the procession to pass any given point. The "get up" of those who paraded was all that could be desired. The appearance of the military part of the procession was very fine. It would have been hard to find a more stalwart or better looking set of men than those who were in uniform. Dense crowds of lookers-on blocked the streets through which the procession passed. There may have been other Patrick's Day parades that were more imposing than the one of Tuesday last, but there never was an anniversary of Ireland's saint on which more people were seen in the streets. The best of order was maintained throughout, and not an incident occurred during the day or evening that could reflect discredit on the Irish race. If there were any that drowned their shamrocks too deeply, they did not make their appearance on the streets, either during the day or night. Dense crowds collected early along Desplaines and the other streets in the line of march to wait patiently till the parade moved;—the people of the city intended to see the parade, cost what it might. At the corners of Desplaines and Washington and Desplaines and Randolph streets the crowd was so dense and so eager to see everything that it required the utmost efforts of a cordon of good-natured policemen to keep them out of the way of the formation of the parade.

A little after 12 o'clock Capt. L. R. Buckley and the following aides arrived at the place of rendezvous, on Desplaines street: Daniel Corkery, Lieut. John Byrnes, Hugh Hackett, M. J. Keane, P. J. Kennedy, John J. McKenna, William Gavin, John J. Mahoney, John Dowling, William Kelley, James J. Sullivan, William H. Joyce, John Long, Daniel O'Connor, Thomas Deady, Ald. John Powers, John Fox, Michael McInerney, Joseph A. O'Donnell, John McCaffery, Dominick Nicholson, Harry P. Fleming, Patrick Morris, John P. Hopkins, John A. Murphy, Jr., William Lyman, Michael Heaney, John P. Coan, Dr. D. O'Shea, F. T. Nichol, David McGann, A. Beemish, Ald. Wm. F. O'Brien, John W. McCarthy, Lawrence Henley, Ald. T. Hickey, Dr. T. F. O'Malley, John F. O'Malley, M. J. Kelly, A. J. Ford, M.C. Lynch, Timothy Bourke, James Fitzgerald, Con. O'Donnell, Dennis McCarthy, Paul Henehan, Edward Ring, Hugh R. Bacon, Michael McCarthy, M. J. Sullivan, Michael Bransfield, Dennis O'Leary, Martin Mulcahey, Jerry H. Carmody, Michael Blake, Simon Derwin, P. J. Mangan, D. F. Cannon, M. J. O'Brien, P. McElligott.

About 2 o'clock all the arrangements were finally completed, and Capt. Buckley gave the order to march, and amid the waving of banners, the beating of drums and the music of the bands the head of the column moved south on Desplaines street, the various organizations resting on the side streets fell into their proper positions as the column passed, and the great St. Patrick's Day parade began. The column was made up as follows:

FIRST DIVISION.

Platoon of Police.
Grand Marshal and Aides.
Officers of the Irish American Council and clergy in carriages.
Band.
First Regiment Hibernian Rifles.
Holy Name Zouave Cadets.
St. Stanislaus Cadets.
St. Mary's Cadets.
Knights of St. Patrick, mounted.

SECOND DIVISION.

Band.
Hibernian Benevolent Society.
Father Mathew Temperance Band.
Father Mathew Cadets.
Father Mathew T. A. & B. Society.
St. Patrick's T. A. & B. Society.
St. Pius Temperance Society.
St. Pius Church Married Men's Sodality.
St. Pius Church Young Men's Sodality.
St. Aloysius Society.

THIRD DIVISION.

Band.
Divisions 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, and 8, Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Band.
Divisions 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15 and 16, Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Band.
Divisions 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, Ancient Order of Hibernians.
Band.
Divisions 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31 and 35, Ancient Order of Hibernians.

FOURTH DIVISION.

Band.
The following clubs of the Gaelic Athletic Association:
Robert Emmet Club.
Innisfail Club.
Michael Davitt Club.
Columbia Club.
Wolfe Tone Club.
Henry Grattan Club.
William O'Brien Club.
Daniel O'Connell Club.

FIFTH DIVISION.

Band.
Clan-na-Gael Guards, acting as escort to citizens.
Marshal and Aides of Citizens.
Citizens.
Carriages.
Police.

The line of march was south on Desplaines street to Adams street, west on Adams to Halsted street, south on Halsted to Congress street, west on Congress to Centre avenue, south on Centre avenue to Taylor street, west on Taylor to Loomis street, south on Loomis to Twelfth street, east on Twelfth to Blue Island avenue, northeast on Blue Island avenue to Harrison street, east on Harrison to State street, north on State to Van Buren street, west on Van Buren to Clark street, north on Clark to Indiana street, west on Indiana to Desplaines street, south on Desplaines to Madison street, and there passed in review by the grand marshal and aides, and dispersed.

The procession was reviewed by the mayor and aldermen, and his Grace Archbishop Feehan, from the convent of the Sacred Heart on West Taylor street, near Loomis street.

The various clubs of the Gaelic Athletic Association attracted a great deal of attention all along the line of march with their bright and attractive uniforms and generally fine appearance, and received much merited appearance. The police and military came in for their usual share of admiration from the ladies.

THE IRISH COLUMBIAN CLUB.

A very lively and successful social event, prominent among those of St. Patrick's night, was the inaugural ball of the Irish Columbian Club, which was held at Brand's hall, Clark and Erie streets. Some five hundred persons participated, and a dance programme of eighteen numbers was brilliantly disposed of to the inspiring strains (including numerous Irish airs) of Pond's orchestra. The hall was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Ireland was well represented by her stalwart sons and fair daughters, who for hours made the scene a glowing kaleidoscope of Hibernian beauty and vigor. The grand march was led by Mr. J. J. Trent and Miss Lizzie Simarott; the device, a Maltese cross, was very prettily executed.

During the intermission brief addresses were delivered by members of the club, and the hall rang with frequent rounds of applause. Mr. P. G. Smyth, the president, said:

"The members of the Irish Columbian Club feel highly gratified and flattered that their young association has proved such a powerful social magnet, in attracting this large and lively gathering, well worthy of a genuine Irish St. Patrick's night. We are glad to see you are having as merry a time of it as if we were spending the evening among the green hills of old Ireland—ay, merrier, for here there is no taint of slavery in the air and we do not hear the tramp of a foreign garrison. Although the shamrock has undergone 'drowsing' enough to make it a regular aquatic plant it is still strong and vigorous as ever, but not even on the old sod does it display greater vitality than when entwined round the flagstaff of the Stars and Stripes, and well and appropriately entwined, for those same stripes are, as it were, emblematic of the rivers of gallant Irish blood shed in defence of American liberty. Tonight, my friends, we unite in cordial sympathy with our widespread race—that grand old Celtic race upon which the sun never sets—in celebrating our national festival, heartily pledging ourselves to co operate with them as far as in us lies the noble work of advancing the cause of Irish freedom at home and maintaining the worth and integrity of the Irish race the world over:

"'A greeting and a promise unto them all we send:
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end;
Their friends shall be our friends, our foe whoe'er assails
The past or future heroes of the far-dispersed Gaels.
One in name, one in fame,
Are the sea-divided Gaels!'"

Mr. W. Gleason explained the nature and objects of the Irish Columbian Club, pointing out the advantages of social intercourse and literary culture which it would afford its members. He appealed to the young Irish-Americans of Chicago to swell the ranks of its members and make the club thoroughly representative of the patriotism and intellectuality of our race.

After a few eloquent remarks from Mr. W. Coakley, an inaugural ode, specially written for the occasion by the distinguished Irish poet, Eugene Davis, was recited by Miss Mary Henderson, a young lady of high elocutionary powers, who faithfully interpreted its burthen of weird pathos and glowing hope.

Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. William Gleason, Mr. and Mrs. J. Conwell, Mr. and Mrs. D. Foley, Mr. and Mrs. T. Simsrott and Miss Simsrott, Mrs. Wells, Miss Mary Henderson, Miss Jennie Dillon, Miss Nora Beirne, Miss Kate Beirne, Miss O'Connor, Miss Hennessy, Miss Ferguson, Miss Lizzie O'Connell, Miss Finnegan, Messrs. Eugene Davis, John F. Mullen, P. G. Smyth, Matt Murphy, Dr. Frank Davis, Owen Campbell, D. J. Kelly, J. G. Lynn, J. J. Forde, C. F. Kelly, T. J. Masterson, J. J. Trant, P. J. Gallagher, James J. Fitzgerald, J. Kennefick, Frank Hanrahan, Frank Henderson, E. Mullen, E. McHale, W. R. Maloney, J. J. Roche, T. L. Bagley, W. Healy, Geo. W. Nolan, W. Coakley, W. Taussig, J. Mc Naughton, M. English, John F. Ryan, M. Connolly, H. J. Archer, Thos. Fitzgerald, Thos. Kilgallon, Thady Kilgallon, P. Mc Inerney, W. F. Ryan, T. Smyth.

Among those who came from different portions of Cook county to attend the festivities was Dr. Leahy, a rising young Irish physician resident in Lemont.

Everything passed off most pleasantly and the members of the club were deluged with congratulations on their very decided success.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE ON PARNELL.

THE PALACE, THURLES, March 2.—*To the Editor of the Freeman, My Dear Sir:* I desire, with your leave, to say a word to the public through your columns on the great question of the Irish leadership, whereof there is so much in your journal today, and which holds such a prominent place just now in the minds of all manner of English speaking men.

A leader, according to the well known dictum of Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, is "one who leads." To lead, one must have followers. But a person taking a stroll into the country on a fine day for the benefit of his health, and quite alone, would not be a leader even though a hundred men, bent on various pursuits, walked after him at intervals on the same road; that is to say, a leader as such must not only have persons to follow him, but those followers must cleave to him somehow, be in unison with him as to something and walk in the direction in which he expressly wishes them to go.

Mr. Gladstone is leader of the opposition to the present government, and Mr. Smith is, I believe, nominally at least, tory leader in the house of commons. But neither is called the leader of the English people. Daniel O'Connell was styled the "Liberator," not the leader, by many; but according to some he was so designated because he did *not* liberate, just as the English word *grove* is said to have derived its Latin equivalent from the word lucidity, though notoriously deficient in light.

Coming back now, after those few general observations, to the Irish leadership question, I wish to observe that Mr. Parnell, even though he should succeed (which is happily impossible) between this and the general election, or just then, in capturing every seat now held by a member of the majority of the Irish parliamentary party, would not be, in any legitimate sense, the leader of the Irish people, much less of the whole Irish race.

He would not be the leader of the Irish people, because three-fourths, at least, of the intelligence, nearly all the wealth, and an overwhelming share of Irish influence would be arrayed against him. He would, no doubt, under the circumstances, be the leader of a party, the leader of a small section of the Irish people, chairman, if you like, of the Irish contingent in the house of commons but nothing more.

Nor, of course, consequently, would he be the leader of the Irish *race*. According to Mr. Richard C. Kerens, a prominent American citizen, who was interviewed lately by a representative of the London *Press*, "the Irish people in America of all political shades are against Mr. Parnell. They do not speak," he says, "in ambiguous terms. I consider," he adds, "it would be a fair estimate to say that nine-tenths of our Irish people throughout America are with Mr. Justin M'Carthy and the element he represents. The other tenth is made up of what we would call the noisy class."

Again, Mr. Parnell's great ally and admirer, John F. Finerty, editor of the Chicago CITIZEN, concludes the leading article of his journal, dated Feb. 7, as follows: "In the teeth of Gladstone, in the face of the bishops, in the face of the British, half the Irish, *and all the American press*, except THE CITIZEN, and one or two other Irish American papers, Ireland, through seven of her greatest cities, including Dublin, Cork, and Limerick, has upheld Mr. Parnell." The Australian and New Zealand Irish are also solid against him, as I have good reason to know; and so is the Dominion of Canada. What, then, is the meaning of the silly and sycophantic gabble that we hear about Mr. Parnell as leader of the Irish people at home and of the Irish race abroad? He assuredly is not, and cannot be, either.

No man can be a leader to me against my will. A leadership in Ireland in opposition to the Irish bishops and priests, to the clergy generally of England, Ireland and Scotland, and to nine tenths of the God fearing men in both these islands, is simply a sham, a "splendid phantom," a "mockery, a delusion, and a snare." So, in point of fact, the fallen "chief" may just as well be called the Rajah of Hyderabad as the leader of the Irish people and of the Irish race. And yet, alas! it is, apparently, for this empty bauble, and not for Home Rule, which he has rendered unattainable by his gallantry and gasconading, that he and his followers are now corrupting our towns and convulsing the country. I remain, my dear sir, your faithful servant,

✠T. W. CROKE,
Archbishop of Cashel.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

The magisterial inquiry into the charge of moonlighting against John Flynn, Peter Collins, William Riordan, and Timothy Coughlan concluded at Macroom, and all the prisoners were returned for trial to the Cork assizes.

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No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXXV.—(Continued.)

CITIZEN CARNOT.

Tone was unconscious for a little while only.

He felt something cold on his face, and a voice fell on his ears:

"That will do, Antoine. You need not bathe his face more. He is recovering. His pulse is coming back."

"I am delighted to hear that. I would not wish for half the wealth of Paris anything should have happened him," said another.

"Not one man in every thousand would have essayed that feat," said the first speaker, who held his wrist.

"And not one in a million would have succeeded," said the other.

"If he failed he would have known what the secrets of the next world are by this time, and ——"

"Is he much injured do you think?" asked a girl's voice in in soft musical accent.

"He can answer for himself by this time," said the first speaker, as he saw Tone open his eyes. "How do you feel?"

"I have been a little stunned, I think."

"So you have. It is well it was no worse. Take some of this."

He held a glass of brandy to Tone's lips, and the latter feeling very much revived thereafter was helped to his feet. A crowd stood around at a respectful distance.

"I have to thank you," said the second of the two speakers, "for your brave and successful effort to save this young lady's life. But for you ——"

"I hope the lady is safe," said Tone earnestly.

"She is. But for your gallant heart no power on earth could save her life. But she will record you her thanks by-and-by. Is he able to travel, doctor, do you think?"

"Then I shall be obliged by your coming with me in this carriage. My own is, as you see, scarcely fit to journey further? Look there!" Looking there, Tone saw some men holding the trembling horses, now shivering with fear at their own mad career, and, near where they were standing, the broken carriage. Looking also, as another carriage came up, he noticed intuitively the exceeding deference and respect paid by the assembled crowd to the gentleman who spoke and to the young lady that, pale with her recent fright, hung on his arm.

"You will do me the favor of coming with me—with us?"

"I will be most obliged," said Tone, who felt himself still dull, unsteady, and confused.

"Thanks. There Marie. Let me help you in. Now Monsieur let me give you my arm, too—for you seem not over strong yet."

With a word to the coachman the crowd fell back, and the carriage moved on.

After a profusion of thanks from the gentleman—and a few words from the young lady—in tones so sweet and silvery and cultured that Tone knew at once they were people of distinguished position—the former said—

"You are not a Frenchman, I think?"

"No—not by birth at least."

"An Englishman?"

"Well—not quite. An Irishman."

"Yet you wear the uniform of the French service?"

"I do. I am an officer in that service."

"Indeed?"

"General Bonaparte gave me my commission."

"Bonaparte—heh?" said the gentleman, with interest. "Would you pardon me for asking your name? This young lady," said he laughing, "has a right to know know her preserver's name, and I—I have an interest in hearing it."

"Tone—Theobald Wolfe Tone!"

"Oh! I remember now. I am quite familiar with your name. I am doubly glad to meet you. I have read your reports to the Directory with great interest."

"Read my reports, Monsieur," said Tone with quick uneasiness. "I did not know they were published. They were forwarded by me as secret information."

"Published! No, of course not. Why would you think that?"

"Pardon me for a moment," said Tone as a thought struck him, "may I have the pleasure of knowing whom I am addressing."

"I thought everyone in Paris," said the gentleman gaily, "knew me—at least every officer. But I see I am not as distinguished as I thought. My name is Carnot—Citizen Carnot."

Tone sat spellbound for a moment or two as the famous name fell on his ears. Could this be Citizen Carnot—Carnot the great organizer of victory, whose bright brain and fearless heart had guided the French revolutionary armies to triumph before even they themselves knew their marvelous and matchless strength? Whose name was second not even to Bonaparte's own in the French military councils. To whom he had so long and so often unavailingly sought for an introduction. The one man of all others in France the most potential for the cause he had at heart! Could it be really he?

"I am extremely glad, Citizen Carnot," said Tone, waking up from his reverie, with the same pressing on him of the desirability of making himself more intimate with his distinguished acquaintance, "to have the honor of making myself known to you—even under these undesirable circumstances. I have been long anxious for a personal interview."

"So?"

"Yes. I wished most anxiously to speak with you on public matters—on Irish matters."

"I could hardly refuse any request to one who has done me such signal service," said Carnot, as he turned a look of intense affection on his daughter. "This is my house," as the carriage stopped—"If you will do me the favor to accept my hospitality we can talk over matters."

Tone did not need further invitation—did not need the kind entreaties which the young girl joined to her father's—to accept the proffered hospitality; and, accordingly with bright spirits and high hopes, which completely banished all sense of pain or dulness, descended from the carriage with them and entered the place.

Seated together at a table, the impetuous Irishman lost no time in placing before his illustrious host a vivid statement of Irish affairs.

He told him in eloquent words of the downtrodden condition of the Irish people; how ready they were for revolt; how already a partial insurrection had developed itself; how all that was needed to make it successful was ample and timely aid from France; and pointed out to him that the heaviest blow that could be struck at England would be in Ireland.

To all of which Carnot listened with rapt attention.

"I am sorry, M. Tone," he said, at the conclusion, "that I did not possess this intelligence long ago. I never heard the case so clearly put before. I thoroughly concur in what you say. But we labor under this difficulty: The real ruler of France at present is in Egypt. This is in confidence. The directory, nominally the governing body, possess no power—none. They cannot—dare not—take any steps, least of all one so important as a large expedition to Ireland, in his absence. When he comes back——Will this insurrection last until winter is over?"

"It will be crushed out if foreign aid does not arrive, long before winter commences," said Tone, decisively.

At this moment a gentleman in the uniform of a general officer entered.

"Welcome, Humbert. I am glad to see you," said Carnot. "You are an early visitor."

"What is this accident I have heard that has happened you?" asked the visitor.

"Oh, it is a mere nothing! I was coming from Augereau's quarters, and just as I was about to step into the carriage, and before the driver was well in his seat, the midnight gun, fired near the horses, startled them and they were off."

"Who was in the carriage?"

"The Citizeness Marie."

"The dear girl is safe, I trust?"

"Yes, thanks to the bravery and fearlessness of this officer. Citizen Tone—General Humbert."

"We could hardly permit any trouble to befall the organizer of victory yet awhile," said Humbert pleasantly. "I think I have had the pleasure of meeting Citizen Tone before," said he with cordial greeting.

"Then you are the very officer I want to see this moment. Citizen Tone will tell you his mission himself."

Which Tone did, dwelling upon every point which he thought would interest and attract one whom he knew to be one of the most rising and energetic of the French generals.

"What say you to that, general? There is a new field for an enterprising commander. What if the *baton d'Irelande* lay in the future?" asked Carnot.

"I would I had ten thousand men to lead, and," said the general, who had caught up Tone's enthusiasm, "I should soon see the tricolor outhung on Irish ground."

"Precisely what I expected," said Carnot, laughing. "Well, let the matter rest in my hands for a few days, Citizen Tone, and we shall see what can be done. Meantime, let this be in confidence."

Leaving the two to discuss other matters, and with a promise to call again, Tone took his leave in high heart that he had succeeded in enlisting the famous senator in the behalf of Ireland. Reaching his apartments, he retired to bed and was soon fast asleep, dreaming of Ireland and of the French banners unfurled thereon.

Late in the afternoon he was awakened by Francois, who came in high good humor.

"Why, Tone," said he, "there has been quite a revolution in our favor today. There has been nothing talked of in the war office but Ireland. Your reports have been asked for again and again."

"How does that arise?"

"Heaven knows. I don't. Possibly some recent news has come to the Directory from Ireland with which I am unacquainted."

"And what has been done, Francois? Is there any result?"

"That I cannot say, but I am under orders to accompany General Humbert to Rochelle. And so are some Irishmen in Paris."

"This is a sudden movement, Francois."

"So it is. Everybody is wondering what it means. Have you heard anything from Ireland today?'

"Not a word."

"Then I wonder what it can be?" said Francois, gravely. "But at any rate there is no time for wondering or surmising now. We start tonight."

"Tonight?" said Tone, in undisguised amazement.

"Tonight. That's the oddest thing about it—it is so sudden. Take my word for it, Tone, there is something on foot, however it has arisen."

"I have no doubt there is. What forces are at Rochelle?"

"That I cannot answer you. And now there is not a moment to spare. Good-bye!"

The light step of the young officer, as he descended the stairs, whistling a bar of the "Marseillaise," was in Tone's ears as he rose and dressed.

"This is marvelously quick work on the part of Citizen Carnot," thought he. "It is worthy of the alertness of the man who guided the half-trained armies of the revolution to victory. Heaven grant he may not be too hasty this time. But he cannot be. Everything now depends upon speed."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"VENGEANCE IS MINE."

The gentleman—Lord Kingston—at the Eagle, Eustace street, to whom Redmond Barrington so impatiently put his question. "What news?" leisurely replied:

"You have not been much about town this afternoon or you would have heard that—but I remember now you have been a complete stranger here lately. And that puts me in mind, was there not some fuss about your singular disappearance, some——"

"My lord, I am very much pressed for time now, and have not leisure for conversation," said Redmond, rather curtly. "You spoke as if there was some news that concerned me?"

"Egad, your absence has not improved your courtesy, Barrington," said Lord Kingston with undisturbed good humor, "but the news does not concern you, or I expect it ought. I am surprised you have not heard it."

"I am awaiting that favor at your lordship's convenience," said Redmond, who knew of old that the reckless but high spirited nobleman delighted in retailing a story which had a spice of the personal in it, and therefore was prepared to put a stay on his own impatience in order to humor him.

"Egad, Barrington, the world is changing so much latterly that news of the forenoon is old by evening. Who would have thought of Mortimer ——"

"Yes, yes, what of him?" rapidly inquired Redmond.

He was about retreating from the gossiping nobleman, as believing that his long deferred anecdote had no connection with or interest for him, and was hastening to other quarters where he might glean some of the intelligence he thirsted for.

But the concluding words of the speaker drew him back to his place as if a pillar of loadstone stood before him.

"What of Mortimer, my lord?" he asked again, scarcely giving time to his lordship to continue his narrative.

"Why, Barrington, you take one's breath away with your hurried manner of questioning. Mortimer, this afternoon——"

"Who speaks of Mortimer?" said a gentleman passing by, whose ear caught the words of his lordship.

"I, my lord," said Lord Kingston, extending his hand to the newcomer. "I was about telling Barrington of ——"

"Barrington?" said the other interruptingly and glancing at Redmond in amzement. "Why, so it is! Where have you been all the time whilst this work has been going on about you? Why, we all thought you had been drowned, or murdered, or made away with in some shape or form. Where on earth have you been? But that," said his lordship, "is not exactly the question at present. You can tell me all about that another time. I want your presence immediately."

"Excuse me a moment, Lord Edward; I wish to hear from Lord Kingston the news ——"

"Nay, nay, not now," said his lordship; "not now. Come with me." And, placing his arm within that of the other, he drew him by force away.

"I have something of importance to tell you, Redmond. Your sister, Helen Barrington——"

"Yes, yes, what of her? Where is she?" broke in Redmond impetuously, as he stayed his friend in his course, and stood stock still before him, awaiting an answer.

"Helen was married this morning," said his lordship.

"Married!" cried Redmond aghast, as he staggered back a step or two. "Married! To whom? But I need not ask. Merciful Providence! that I should have come so late!"

"Yes, if you had been here earlier, his life might have been saved, and matters might have been made all right. I am extremely sorry, but I certainly thought he held a keener finger on the trigger. And he had his choice of ground, too."

"Would it be any offense to ask you, my lord," said Redmond, in angry impatience and perplexity, "to speak a little more plainly. What are you referring to?—for I know nothing of what you are speaking about;—and where is Helen? If she were married this morning, and that you are aware of it, perhaps you can tell me where she is. I tell you the news is to me and to her a matter of the highest moment. Where is Helen?"

"Helen Barrington, or Helen Mortimer—as we must call her—is with Lady Pamela at Leinster House, Kildare street."

"At Leinster House! What should have brought her there? Why did she go there, my lord?" cried Redmond fiercely, as it seemed to him that the meshes of perplexity were being woven more tangledly around him. "Let me go there at once!"

"You question demands an answer, Mr. Barrington," said Lord Edward haughtily, completely misconstruing Redmond's impatience through ignorance of the motives thereof, "and it shall have it. She came to us as the daughter of an old friend, and as one without relative or protictor. To whom else should she go on her wedding morning? There is an old kinship, though you seem to forget it, between our families, and it was most right and befitting that she, a simple, unbefriended girl, should come to us in the supreme moment of her life."

Redmond heard but little of this statement. In the intensity of his anguish he paid no attention to the warm and eloquent words of his lordship, but pressed his hands over his throbbing and beating temples.

"Mortimer—poor fellow!"—continued his lordship.

"Ay, what of him?" asked Redmond fiercely—the name wakening him up from his tempest of passion. "Is he, too, at Leinster House?"

"Mortimer," said his lordship quietly, overlooking the sneer evident in the latter portion of the question, "Mortimer is not at Leinster House, as I thought you knew already. His eyes shall never see that nor——"

"What has become of him? Where is he?" asked Redmond, now grown almost furious by the repeated delays in getting the desired information. "Half a dozen times already I have asked this question, and failed to get an answer. Once more, where is Mortimer? I have an account to settle with him that must not be delayed for a moment. Where is he?"

"You will settle no account with Mortimer, Redmond, in this world at least."

"Why? Will you be good enough to answer my question?"

"Because, Redmond," said his lordship, sinking his voice, and with much kindliness and gentleness of manner, "because—but I am quite unable to explain now. You must come with me, I am quite overpowered."

"My lord, I shall not stir one pace from this until you answer my question. Where is Mortimer? Where is the scoundrel? Is there no friend who will answer my question? Are all leagued against me?"

"Redmond," said Lord Edward in a tone of great emotion, "this is not a moment for——"

"One thing, my lord," said Redmond with savage harshness, "it is not a moment for—it is not a time for trifling with me. Are you prepared to answer, or shall I have to seek the information from others?"

"If you will but have patience—and hear me—you—"

"Patience! my lord!" exclaimed Redmond, drawing abruptly back a step or two. "Is this a time to preach patience? My lord, I should have expected that you and yours would have stretched out the right hand of friendship and protection to my sister; you have failed in that. But I am here now; and by my father's soul! I shall see that she is protected though all the world were leagued with Mortimer. Once more: Where is he?" He was quivering with impatience and passion. The muscles stood out like whip cord on his forehead.

Lord Edward Fitzgerald stepped up to him and whispered a single word in his ear.

"What!" exclaimed Barrington, his whole manner changing of a sudden, and still falling back a pace or two.

"True enough, Redmond!" said the other with visible marks of astonishment on his face, and in his voice.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Cumha Ghaodhail Albanuigh Chneasda air son a Theangan.

A dhaoine na h-Eireann, cabhruidh linn
Re obair na bh-fealitoir do mhilleadh;
Muna d-tiocfaidh chugainn air ball
Ni bheidh Gaedhilig air bith ann Albain.

Tá drooh spiorad a measg ár muintear,
Do thálnig air d-tús ó Shacsain;
Má mhairidh sé beagán níos sia
Ni fad go mbeidh sinn gan Gaedhilig.

Tá náire orm 'nuair smuainim
Air an d-teangain do sgriobh mo shinnsear,
'S nuair chídhim ann sin fá m' shúilibh
Gaedhilig mhalluighthe fir Dúin Edin!

Is fad ó shoin a bha eolas
Agam féin air obair na milliteoir,
Ofr léigh mé an páipeur Gaedhilgeł
Craobhsgaoileadh le Ian MacMuirich.

Ann Inbher-nacis ann Albain
Clóbhuaileadh an duilleóg bhreágh sin;
Acht fuair sí bás ann a h-óige
Mar gheall air a grádh air Eirinn.

Chonarcas ann sin clobhuailte
Os cionn anmna T. O. Ruiséal
Nach raibh ann Albain ghlaisgeamhail
Ann fhear fíor agus chneasda,

'Nuair leigeadh do dhaoinibh éigin,
Chum sásaidh thabhairt do Shacsain,
Seon teang' ár sinnsear d'athrughadh,
Agus náire do thabhairt air Albain.

Creidim anois gur fíor é
Gach nidh a dúbhradh d'ár d-taobh-ne,
'S gur aistrigheadh ár nGaedhilig bhriaghmhair
O mhimheas air chine na h-Eireann.

Ta muintir óga mo thíre
Gan fhios'air an nidh dá ndearnadh,
Saoilid gur ceart aṅ̃ehanamhuin
Clóbhuailtear anois a leabhraibh.

Ni fheicidh siad an teanga
Do sgriobhadh a n-am ár naoirse,
'S measaid, d'a réir, gur ceart í
An chanamhuin sgriobhthar anois linn.

Acht geallaim do Dhia 's do dhaoinibh,
Ohó fhad a's beidh mé a m-beatha,
Go n-deunfad gach lá mo dhithchioli
Milliteóiridhe mo theangan do chathugh'.

De chine na h-Alban misi,
Agus sgriobhaim chanamhuin Charseul;*
Bheirim dúbhsláin fir Dúin Edin
Aon leobd d'fhaghail ann mo Ghaedhilig.

SGIATHANACH.

† This was the *Highlander* published in Inverness some dozen years ago by John Murdock.

* This was Bishop Carseul, who wrote the celebrated Gaeanlig Prayer Book in 1567, the first book ever printed in that language. It was printed in Edinburgh, and was written for the Gaelic-speaking Scotch, whose language was at that time, and for about two hundred years after, exactly the same as Irish. Carseul was born in Argyleshire, and it is not known that he was ever in Ireland.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

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VENGEANCE OF A MOB.

New Orleans People Organize and Revenge a Murder.

WORK OF WINCHESTERS AND ROPE.

The Verdict of Acquittal in the Cases of the Mafia Assassins Arouses the Citizens to Frenzy—The Prison Stormed and the Italians Shot Down—Politz and Baynetto Hanged—Exultation After the Work is Over—The Mob Made Up of the Best People in the City—Names of the Killed.

NEW ORLEANS, La., March 16.—The scenes at and about Clay statue Saturday morning brought to mind very forcibly and vividly the popular and ominous uprising of that September nearly sixteen years ago. Ten o'clock had not yet struck and of vast multitude was already congregated on Canal street. Just on the stroke of ten a shout went up from the people stationed at St. Charles street, and a number of gentlemen, among whom Mr. W. S. Parkerson, Mr. John O. Wickliffe and others who signed the call for a meeting of citizens, came marching along, and began walking round and round the railing of the Clay monument. "Fall in!" "Fall in!" was the cry, and the crowd marched around the monument. The other gentlemen mounted the steps. There were fully 3,000 persons gathered within earshot, and more could be seen coming.

The Verdict Denounced.

Mr. Parkerson spoke first. He said that once he had appeared before the people in grand mass meeting assembled to discuss matters vital to the interest of the community and again he faced the people of New Orleans to denounce the most infamous act which was consequent upon the most revolting crime in the criminal annals of any community. That act was the finding of the jury in the murder trial yesterday and that crime was, as everybody knew, the foul assassination of the chief of police. "I desire neither fame, nor name, nor glory," said Mr. Parkerson. "I am a plain American citizen, and as such and as a good citizen, I am here." "Shall you protect yourself?" "Yes." "Self preservation is the first law of nature. This is the time for action, not talk." "Let's go." "Let's go." "Come on Wycliffe." "Come on Parkerson." "We are ready."

Told to Get Their Guns.

Then some one yelled, "Shall we get our guns?" "Yes, yes! Get your guns," said Mr. Parkerson, "get your guns and meet us in Congo square immediately." The parish prison was reached at 10:30 o'clock. The wooden door on Marais street was broken in by a large piece of wood used as a catapault. After the door had been broken down there was a wild rush for entrance. Two men, however, stood at the door and prevented any one from coming in except those that carried shotguns and Winchesters.

Little Resistance to the Mob.

No material resistance was offered by the police or the sheriff to the work of the citizens, who were armed with shotguns and pistols, and who not only represented the humbler classes, but the most prominent bankers, citizens, merchants and professional men in New Orleans. A wagon filled with policemen dashed up to the scene, but they were driven away amid a shower of mud, and did not seem anxious to charge the crowd. The sheriff's deputies found that resistance was useless and they had to stand by and see the doors battered down. When apprised of the approach of the mob, the prison officials transferred the Italians from the male to the female department, and when the armed men who got on the inside of the jail and found them, the prisoners ran down into the court yard below. They begged and pleaded for mercy, but for some of them there was no mercy shown at the hands of the outraged citizens.

Work of the Shot-Guns and Winchesters.

When the prisoners reached the yard they tried to seek places of safty, but there were none to be found, and the shot-guns and Winchesters belched forth and the slayers of Hennessey fell dead in their tracks. Macheca, the arch conspirator, couched down in a corner with his hands before his face and screamed. A dozen bullets entered his body and he pitched foremost on the stone pavement dead.

Politz and Baynetto Hanged.

While the work of vengeance was going on inside a crowd of men came out of the jail with the crazy assassin Politz. Some one had a rope, and as the miserable Italian was rushed to the corner the line was thrown over an arm of a post and Politz was drawn up in the air, but before he strangled to death a dozen shots rang out and his body was riddled with bullets. On the other side of the prison, Baynetto, one of the assassins, was brought out already in the throes of death from a bullet wound in the head. A rope was thrown over the limb of a tree and he, too, was hoisted in the air.

Exulted over the Bloody Work.

After the work was done Mr. Parkerson addressed the dense mob of citizens and advised them to disperse. They frantically applauded and when he had finished carried him bodily on their shoulders. The multitude participating in the avenging work march to Canal street after the bloody work was over, shouting and waving handkercheifs in the air. There si intense excitement in the city.

The Victims of the Mob's Vengeance.

As soon as the shooting was known the ambulance was telephoned for, but its presence was not necessary, and only the coroner's services were required. Those who met death at the hands of the mob are: Joseph Macheca, Manuel Polizzi, Antonio Marchesi, who is not yet dead but mortally wounded; Antonio Scoffedi, Antonio Bagnetto, Rocco Geracci, James Caruso, Loretto Comites, Pieto Monosterio, Louis Trahina, Frank Romero. The boy Marchesi, Matanga and Incerdona, who had been acquitted, were spared.

The Coroner's Verdict.

Coroner Lemoniere reached the prison at 12:30 o'clock and viewed the bodies of the ten men. They were stretched out in the prison. The verdict was that the men had come to their death at the hands of unknown parties.

Have Probably Lost Their Strike.

SCOTTDALE, Pa., March 16.—The great strike of the 25,000 coke workers of the Connellsville region entered upon its sixth week Monday. While the leaders of the United Mine Workers will not say so publicly, they privately admit that the men have been defeated. The wages lost thus far has been over $900,000, and in a few days will pass the $1,000,000 mark. The iron market is not sufficiently healthy to make the demand for coke pressing.

END OF A LONG STRUGGLE.

Illinois Democrats Elect Palmer Senator with the Aid of the F. M. B. A.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., March 11—The long struggle is over, and Gen. John M. Palmer has been elected United States senator to succeed Charles B. Farwell. When the joint session was called to order Wednesday it was a foregone conclusion that Palmer would be elected, and the galleries were crowded with people anxious to witness the event. While the first and decisive ballot of the day was being taken there was great excitement on the floor. The ballot resulted: Palmer 103, Lindley 100, Streeter 1. Taubeneck did not desert Streeter, and after casting his vote for him he sank into his chair and wept freely. Cockrell and Moore voted for Palmer and the Republicans were solid for Lindley. After the result was made known Gen. Palmer expressed his thanks to the legislature in a fitting speech.

A Prolonged Deadlock.

The contest has been one of the most prolonged and interesting deadlocks recorded in the annals of American politics. It was begun at the first joint session of the present legislature on the 20th of January. The three political parties represented in the legislature went into the joint session, the Democrats firm in the support of Gen. Palmer, who was put in nomination by the state convention, while the Republicans and farmers had caucus nominees. The first ballot taken showed the respective strength of the parties, resulting: Palmer 101, Oglesby, 100, Streeter 3. Ballot after ballot was taken with unvary results.

Would Not Take the Offer.

The Republican caucus which had put ex-Gov. Oglesby in nomination had attached a string to the nomination, providing that the steering committee might withdraw Oglesby and substitute another candidate if it seemed wise to do so. This action was not taken until Feb. 11, when Cicero J. Lindley was put forward as the Republican candidate. The day before the farmers had changed their candidate, dropping Streeter and casting their united vote for John P. Stelle. The farmers did not take the offer by the Republicans, who proffered a long list of candidates from whom they might choose.

Refused to Vote for Streeter.

The next move of the Republicans was to throw as much of their vote as could be controlled to Streeter, and for some time he posed as the Republican candidate. Five Republicans, however, refused to support him. For the last few days the Republican minority has been divided and a determined effort to rally their full strength about Streeter failed. The illness of members on both sides of the house has led to many failures to secure a quorum and on more than one occasion sick men have been brought to the hall on litters to vote.

THE HEARST FUNERAL PARTY.

Its Members Indignantly Deny the Stories of Hilarity.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 13.—The story telegraphed from the east that the Senator Hearst funeral party had assumed the nature of a junketing trip has reached the ears of the congressmen who escorted the remains, and aroused in them great indignation. Judge Valentine, sergeant-at-arms of the senate, declared that it was an unkind and wholly untrue reflection upon the gentlemen composing the committee. It was a sad journey, he said, and all those who attended the funeral, including the largest committees ever sent out by congress to attend a funeral, were impressed with its sadness. Certainly the coaches showed no sign of the wild hilarity of which the dispatch had spoken.

ATROCITY IN MICHIGAN.

A Villain Adds Arson to the Crime of Outraging a Girl.

MOUNT PLEASANT, Mich., March 16.—Shortly after Dennis Burns left his home in Wise, eleven miles north of here, Saturday, his wife went to a neighbor's well for a pail of water, leaving her three children in bed. While she was gone an unknown man entered and assaulted the oldest girl and set fire to the house to hide the crime. The house was destroyed. The oldest girl was so badly burned that she died in an hour after telling her story.

Huston Returns to Washington.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 16—Treasurer Huston has returned to Washington from a visit to his home in Connorsville, Ind., and resumed his duties at the Treasury department. He said, however, that he wanted it understood that he had not resigned in a "pet" and that he had only the friendliest feelings for the president. While he had acted in perfect good faith in the matter he did not wish to embarrass the president in any way, and, therefore, he could not at present say how long he would continue to perform the duties of treasurer.

Cruel Treatment of Hungarian Laborers.

POCAHONTAS, Va., March 16.—Several Hungarians who have just reached here confirm the reports of hardship and ill-treatment endured by the foreigners at the railroad camps in McDowell and Logan counties, W. Va. The weather is fearful and the men earn only $8 a month. They say that men have been whipped when recaptured after attempting to escape. They are closely watched to prevent escape.

Chicago Republican's City Ticket.

CHICAGO, March 16.—Hempstead Washburne was nominated for mayor by the Republican city convention at Second Regiment armory. This result was not doubted by the politicians despite the talk of a probable indorsement of Elmer Washburn, the Citizen's candidate. The other candidates nominated are as follows: For mayor—Hempstead Washburne; treasurer, Jacob H. Tieddmann; city attorney, B. F. Richolson; city clerk, J. R. B. Van Cleave.

City of New York Beats the Etruria.

NEW YORK, March 16.—The steamer City of New York which was racing with the steamer Etruria across the Atlantic arrived here Saturday morning. Her time from Queenstown to Sandy hook was 6 days 2 hours and 10 minutes. The Etruria is not as yet sighted.

Kilrain Wants Another Fight Badly.

NEW YORK, March 16.—Richard K. Fox, of The Police Gazette, Saturday received a dispatch from San Francisco stating that Kilrain would issue a challenge shortly to fight any man in the world for $5,000 a side.

An Illinois Murderer Hung.

DECATOR, Ill., March 16.—William H. Crawford was executed in the corridor of the Mason county jail in the presence of 200 witnesses at 11:15 a. m. Saturday.

THE MOB'S LEADER.

The Man Who Led the New Orleans Lynchers Described.

HIS STORY OF THE OUTBREAK.

The Terrible Work Done by the Regulators Regarded as a Public Service—He Claims Not to Have Taken the Initiative in Organizing the Citizens—Parkerson and His Followers Upheld by Mayor Shakespeare.

NEW ORLEANS, March 17.—William S. Parkerson, the leader of the "regulators," has offices in Commercial place, a flagged alley for pedestrians only, with an iron-covered gutter in the middle and dingy, tall houses on either side. He occupies two rooms up one flight of stairs. Parkerson is only 34 years old, is six feet high and heavily built. His head is large and round, his forehead broad, his hair brown and parted on one side. He has a heavy brown mustache and double chin. His eyes are intensely black, quiet enough in repose but snapping fire in moments of excitement, and look out from behind gold-rimmed spectacles. The most striking feature about Parkerson is his voice, which is deep but soft.

"Your name is very much before the public just now," remarked the interviewer.

"Yes; we had a thirty-minute experience on Saturday," he said, with a quaint smile. "The most wonderful thing about it is that it was over so soon. I take more credit for that than for anything else."

Story of the Outbreak.

"I did not take the initiative," he said, in answer to questions. "I could tell who did. It was all done by others. I was in court on Friday morning in a distant building attending to some business and came back to this office after the verdict acquitting the Italians. When I got here I found a large number of citizens awaiting me, some of them old enough to be my grandfather. With those who came in afterward there were perhaps sixty or seventy. They were talking about the outrageous verdict and told me they had come to ask me to take some measures to right it. After fifteen minutes' conversation we adjourned to meet again that evening. I had no connection with the case beyond taking a good citizen's interest in it and dropping into court once or twice to see how it was getting along. That evening we met in the rooms of a young man whose name I do not care to give. There were about 150 of us, among them the men who were here in the morning. We stood up and were packed like sardines. They made me chairman. There was some more talking about the verdict and I was again appealed to. None of us drank anything, and there were no refreshments in the room. We all signed a call that was published in the next morning's papers asking the citizens to assemble at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning at the Clay statue and saying we would be prepared to carry out their instructions."

Ready to Carry Out Public Judgment.

"Meaning that you would be ready to kill the prisoners?"

"That was the feeling, we understood, of the public pulse. On Saturday I came to my office at 8:45 and at 9:45 started for the rendezvous at our friend's rooms. I was a little ahead of time. Four or five of us went from there to the statue, where we found a muttering mob of many thousands. We walked around outside the railings two or three times to give our own people a chance to fall in. Then I went through the gate of the railings and up the steps. As soon as I took off my hat the people began to cheer. I don't remember exactly what I said, but I made a little speech telling them we had a duty to perform; that it was the most terrible duty I had ever undertaken; that the law had miscarried and we were prepared to do whatever they desired. They shouted: "Come on."

Of What the Crowd Was Composed.

Parkerson then told how the mob went to the jail, about 150 of them, including himself, procuring arms en route; how the jailer refused the keys, and how he (Parkerson) took command. They did not intend to shoot the prisoners, but took the guns because they did not know what resistance the jail officials would make, and they intended to get into the jail if they had to tear it down. "The crowd was composed of lawyers, doctors, bankers and prominent citizens generally. It was the most obedient crowd you ever saw. They obeyed me implicitly, just as if I were a military commander. If there was any riffraff it was all on the outside." He did not fire a shot, but bossed the job.

No Regret for His Part.

"Do you regret what you have done?" was asked after a pause.

"Not a bit," said Parkerson promptly. "This was a great emergency, greater than has ever happened in New York, Cincinnati or Chicago. I didn't act through a sentimental or personal interest for Hennessey. I knew him well and asked Mayor Shakespeare to appoint him. He was a fine man and an efficient officer, and we felt that when he was killed there was no telling which of us would go next. While the Mafia confined itself to killing its own members we did not resort to violence. But Hennessey's killing struck at the very root of American institutions.

His Opinion of the People's Power.

"The intimidation of the Mafia and corruption of our juries are to be met only with strong measures. Moreover, I recognise no power above the people. Under our constitution the people are the sovereign authority, and when the courts—their agents—fail to carry out the law the authority is relegated back to the people who gave it. In this case I look upon it that we represented the people—not the people of the whole United States, perhaps, but the people of Louisiana. This is a thing with which the United States has nothing to do. It is a question of state government entirely, since the state controls its own municipalities. I apprehend no trouble unless from federal authorities. It is urged that these men were the subjects of foreign potentates, but I understand that they were just dumped here and that their own governments were glad enough to get rid of them."

Parkerson Warned by the Mafia.

W. S. Parkerson has received the following note, purporting to come from a member of the Mafia society:

"You are a doomed man and God amity can't save you. We have it sworn. Our comrades you murdered and we will kill you and you family. You will be poisen. The styleto will do for the wrest."

Neither Mr. Parkerson nor his friends are at all concerned about the threats. Mr. Parkerson said he was proud that no violence was visited upon the innocent Italian residents. Saturday he was the best friend the Italians had in this city. One word from him would have been sufficient to inaugurate a war upon the race, so intense was the feeling.

UPHELD BY THE MAYOR.

The Revenge Taken by Citizens on the Italians Not a Matter to Deplore.

NEW ORLEANS, La., March 17.—Mayor Shakespeare, whom the Italian consul, as well as the country at large, is disposed to hold responsible for the violation of municipal law, makes no bones about his own feeling in the matter. He is an impulsive, irrascible man, middle-aged, of the "Sir Anthony Absolute" type, with a genius for autocracy. He declares bluntly that Parkerson and his associates did just right.

Does Not Regret the Killing.

"Don't you regret the killing?"

"No, sir!" cried the mayor, belligerently. "I am an American citizen and I am not afraid of the devil. These men deserved hanging. We had expected disagreement and had made arrangements for retrial. When I heard of the verdict I was frozen to my seat."

"Couldn't you have punished them by lawful means?"

"They were punished by lawful means. The men who did it were all peaceable and law-abiding. The Italians had taken the law into their own hands and we had to do the same."

Opinion of Ex-Senator Bayard.

WILMINGTON, Del., March 17.—Ex-Secretary of State Bayard, when asked Monday afternoon for his opinion of the killing of the four subjects of the King of Italy at New Orleans on Saturday, said: "Taking the newspaper reports of this event, there is no basis upon which the Italian government can place a claim for indemnity. The disturbance was purely local and there was no affront offered to the representatives of the Italian government. Neither was there any discrimination between the citizens of the United States and those of Italy. Bad as it was, all were used alike."

Talked Against the Mafia.

CHICAGO, March 17.—Frank T. Hogadon, of 52 Campbell avenue, will be careful in the future how he talks about the Mafia. Tuesday morning at 2:30 o'clock Hogadon stood waiting for a State street car. Three Italians were near him. Hogadon began to talk of the New Orleans affair and said that every member of the Mafia should be hanged. The words had hardly been uttered when the three Italians drew their knives and attacked Hogadon. He was severely cut about the body and would have been killed outright had not his cries brought several men to his assistance. The Italians ran away, and cannot be apprehended, for no description of them is known.

Charge Against a Runaway Wife.

SHAMOKIN, Pa., March 17.—Chief of Police Reppard, of this city, has received several letters from Streator, Ills., signed Noah B. Long. One said that Long's wife, who was a former resident of Shamokin, had tried to poison him and his five children and then eloped with Harker Albright, who was boarding with the family at the time and was now in Shamokin. Officer Reppard began an investigation which resulted in the finding of Mrs. Long at the residence of her father, Solomon Morton. When questioned as to the truth of the statement made by Long she wept bitterly and denied the accusation. She said that she was never martied to Long, although she had lived with him thirteen years.

Where Satan Reproved Sin.

LONDON, March 17.—A good deal of amusement has been caused among knowing ones by Timothy Healy's statement at Newry that the late Joe Biggar called Parnell to task on moral questions as far back as 1881. When Biggar died, last year he left a good slice of his property to an illegitimate child, and an income to the child's mother. The Parnellites smile, therefore, when they hear Biggar spoken of as a moral mentor. If the stories going about are true, there are other Biggars in the Irish party without his brains, and Harrington has intimated that, on a little more provocation, he will point them out.

Will Defy the Commission.

NEW YORK, March 17.—A special from Philadelphia says: The Lehigh Valley railway will not accept the decree of the inter-state commerce commission in the Coxe case ordering a reduction of 20 cents a ton in the freight rate of anthracite coal. The company's legal advisers say its charter entitles it to charge 3 cents a ton per mile for freight; that this charter is a contract between the state and the company, and that no law passed subsequently can impair it. This is the broadest ground yet urged against the inter-state law, and the company is thoroughly in earnest about the matter.

A Dying Woman's Request.

LANSING, Mich., March 17.—Mrs. William Edwards of this city has been an invalid for the last year. Her disease is an internal cancer of peculiar origin and the the most puzzling symptoms. The unfortunate woman has endured such agony that she has requested that her remains shall be dissected for the benefit of the profession in order that other possible sufferers from the disease may be relieved. She has been unable to take any nourishment for the last ten days and can live only a few hours longer. Her family will carry out the request.

Want Intimidation for Annexationists.

TORONTO, March 17.—The Ottawa correspondent of The World says that the government is being urged to ask Lord Salisbury to station in Canada five to ten British regiments, quartering them at Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg, and Vancouver. "It is argued," says the correspondent, "that the presence of these regiments in Canada would do more to put down the annexation gang and put a check to their conspiracy than anything else."

Wanted by the "English Syndicate."

PITTSBURG, Pa., March 17.—It is reported here that an English syndicate is about to secure control of the Westinghouse interests. It is claimed that the syndicate is heavily backed and that cuts will be made in the prices of electrical supplies and machinery that will force all competitors out of trade or compel them to unite with it.

Kincaid's Trial Postponed.

WASHINGTON CITY, March 17.—The trial of Charles E Kincaid for the killing of ex-Congressman William P. Taulbee, of Kentucky, has been postponed until Monday next.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

There is a probability that Mrs. Russell Harrison will accept an urgent invitation she has received from Mrs Robert T. Lincoln to visit her at London.

Harry Herrick, an 8-year-old inventor, living at Marinette, Wis., has been offered $3,000 for his patent on a toy ball.

Ex-Senator Pierce, of North Dakota, is being talked of for minister to China in case ex-Senator Blair decides not to accept.

Gen. Butler's "Reminiscences" are nearly ready for publication, and if they are not lively enough to sustain interest in the reading, they will not be characteristic of their author.

The Washington correspondents won so much applause by their outburst of song at the adjournment of congress that they are threatening to organize a glee club.

George Clark, a wealthy young man of Springfield, Mo., has filed a suit against his wife for a divorce, charging her with criminal intimacy with Professor Charles Palmer, who till a few days ago occupied the chair of chemistry in the Rolla school of mines. As soon as Clark made public his charges against Professor Palmer the latter resigned his chair and left Rolla.

Ohio has admitted her third woman lawyer to practice. She is the wife of the assistant city solicitor of Columbus.

Augusta, Ga., mills are closed because of high water, which is thirty-seven feet above low mark.

The Ohio Society of New York elected President Harrison to honorary membership; also Governor James E. Campbell and the Hon. Allen G. Thurman.

"Jimmy" Hagan and "Tommy" Danforth fought at Hoboken, N. J., with two-ounce gloves and Danforth was knocked out in the second round.

The Italian contract labor inspector, Antonio Cichini, has appealed to the New York authorities to protect him from the dread order of the Mafia, which seeks his life because of his having returned contract Italians.

The New York Presbytery voted against establishing the office of deaconess in the Presbyterian church.

The Cunarders have contracted for two steamers of 14,000 tons each to run twenty-one knots an hour—that is, twenty-three railroad miles.

In the sugar trust investigation at New York an accountant testified that the trust had made a profit of $11,300,000.

A. F. Learned, an old news worker of New York city, is dead. He was one of the Grant 306 at Chicago.

The first daughter of America, says a London cable, to kiss Queen Victoria's hand this year will be Miss Josephine Medill, of Chicago, who will be presented by Mrs. Lincoln, at the drawing room to be held at Buckingham palace on Friday.

The two houses of the Kansas legislature have adjourned sine die.

During December the sun did not shine in London one day. During 1890, out of a possible 4,445 hours, it was visible only 1,092 hours.

Herman Lawson, of Seattle, Wash., was killed, the nozzle of a hose, through which a heavy stream of water was being forced, striking him a fearful blow.

The Pennsylvania assembly indorsed ex-Speaker Reed's actions by a strict party vote of 84 to 53.

Fire destroyed Taylor Bros.' foundry at Lyons, Iowa. The body of the watchman was found in the ruins. Foul play is suspected.

Near Oxford, Neb., a freight train broke in two going down a hill. The two sections collided and Engineer Swanson was instantly killed.

Six thousand miners in the four coal pools in the Monongahela valley resumed work at the increased rate of wages conceded by the operators. There is general rejoicing.

The F. P. Lawrence Implement company at Lincoln, Neb., was closed by the sheriff, the claim of one bank amounting to $16,000.

A large number of property owners at Beatrice, Neb., have been arrested for not having proper fire-escapes on their buildings.

Reports from the flooded districts indicate that the waters are slowly receding, although the suffering at some points has been of a distressing character.

It is stated that the Edgar Thompson Steel works will remain closed for some time to come. Two thousand men are out of employment.

The Tennessee house of representatives has passed a bill prohibiting the running of freight and excursion trains on Sunday, with the exception of those carrying fruit and live stock.

Gen. Nelson A. Miles has been granted thirty days' leave of absence, with permission to leave the United States.

An electric street car at Dubuque, Iowa, became unmanageable and dashed down a steep hill. Joseph Nairn was thrown off and fatally hurt.

The Minneapolis Tribune has been sold to a company headed by W. J. Murphy, of Grand Forks, N. D., for $400,000. It is said that ex-Senator Pierce, of North Dakota, is to take the editorial management of the paper.

The wounds of Lieuts. Garlington and Hawthorne, of the Seventh cavalry, hurt at Wounded Knee, are doing well, and they expect soon to take advantage of the leaves of absence granted them. They are in hospital at Fort Riley.

It is alleged that New York City police have raised a corruption fund of $75,000 to secure from the legislature additional pay for patrolmen.

Ex-State Treasurer Lemcke, of Indiana, states that his appointment to the United States treasurership had not yet been settled.

Keno F., the 7-year-old gelding, winner of the Flour City stake at Rochester, N. Y., last fall, has been purchased by Everett L. Smith, of Boston, for $15,000.

The Belgian cabinet has declared in favor of household suffrage—the adoption of which would increase the number of voters from 130,000 to 730,000. The Liberals, however, are not content with this concession.

The Lackawanna Coal and Iron company and the Scranton Steel company have been consolidated under the name of the Lackawanna Steel and Iron company. The new company will issue $3,750,000 of stock.

At Galesburg, Ill., Mrs. Edward McGrath aged 73 years, was so badly frightened by a narrow escape at a railroad crossing that she dropped dead from heart failure.

James Sewell, president of the Arkansas Valley Bank of Ozark, Ark., was robbed by two men who crowded against him in a passenger coach in Texas Thursday of $1,042 in bank notes. He was on his way to Southern Texas for his health.

Eighty-five Japanese swords from the Brayton Ives collection were bought Thursday at New York by a syndicate for the Metropolitan museum for $15,000.

A state ticket, headed by John W. Davis for governor, was nominated on Thursday by the Democrats of Rhode Island.

The only people, at least in New York, it is said, who have abused the name of Gen. Sherman have been the Socialists.

The Ellis & Lessig iron works of Pottsville, Pa., are to be moved to Salem, Va., which town gives the company $100,000 and forty acres of land,

Mr. Walthall, of Mississippi, has written a letter stating that he will not be a candidate for renomination to the United States senate.

Freezing weather in Texas is believed to have materially damaged fruit trees. Severe weather also prevails in Arkansas.

Otto Geppardt, an employe of Huker's brewery at Rock Island, Ills., was drawn into the machinery Thursday and fatally crushed.

Lawrence Barrett put down his name for $500 for the Sherman monument fund. George M. Pullman subscribed $1,000.

It is reported that people at Bonavista, N. F., are starving, owing to the failure of the shore fishery. Diphtheria also prevails there.

The Tin Mining and Milling company, of Chicago, with a capital stock of $750,000, was incorporated Thursday at Springfield.

The Portuguese cortes has granted a tobacco monopoly for thirty-five years for a loan of $50,000,000.

Gustave Freytag, the German novelist, although 75, was married on Tuesday to the divorced wife of Herr Strakosch.

The North British railroad, which has hitherto paid a semi-yearly dividend of 1½ per cent., has passed the dividend for the last six months owing to the strike.

A son of John Wigginton, aged 10 years, Thursday confessed that he and a brother obeying their father's instructions, poisoned William Ferguson, his son-in-law, R. C. Watts, and his granddaughter, Miss Boyd, at Mount Sterling, Ky., recently by putting arsenic in the coffee. The two families quarreled over $17. Wigginton and four sons are under arrest.

The Alliance Watchman, an organ devoted to the interests of the Farmers' Alliance, has made its appearance at Marshall, Mo.

The Lambert & Bishop Wire Fence company, of Joliet, whose present capital stock is $280,000, has decided to enlarge their business and increase their capital stock to $500,000.

The death of Theodore Faullain de Banville, the French writer, is announced from Paris. He was born at Moulin March 14, 1823.

Samuel Beacham, the colored murderer of George Warburton, of Lebanon, Ind., has been given a life sentence in prison.

The inter-state commerce commission announces that it will probably issue a call for a meeting of railroad interests and shippers to discuss the question of a uniform bill of lading.

The Penobscot Central railway is the name of a new road to be built which will give the Canadian Pacific an independent outlet to the sea through the state of Maine.

Ernest Eaton and John Irving were arrested at Red Key, Ind., Thursday night for robbing the hardware store of A. W. McKinney.

Thomas Moore, aged 70, of Franklin, N. C., murdered his wife, aged 68, Friday.

Mrs. William Baker, of Fostoria, Ohio, was burned to death Friday. She was attempting to kindle a fire with crude oil and the oil-can exploded. She was covered with flames and soon died.

The London Graphic says that Mr. Chamberlain has consented to act as British commissioner in the event of the United States government agreeing to discuss trade reciprocity with Canada.

H. P. McKnight, an attorney at Bowling Green, O., has been found guilty of obtaining $2,600 under false pretenses.

The mail-box thieves have been arrested in Saracuse. They had keys which opened mail boxes, and had secured thousands of dollars worth of drafts and checks before they were captured.

Prof. Felix Adler proposes the establishment of a "school of applied ethics" for the benefit of preachers and other public speakers.

The noted bandit, Guerdo Nevramont, who some time ago entered a jewelry store in Chihuahua, killed the proprietor, and robbed the store of a large quantity of diamonds and gold and silver articles, has been captured.

The first incineration north of St. Louis and west of the Mississippi river took place at Davenport, Iowa, Sunday. The remains were those of Otto Koerchert.

A 14-year-old girl who was sworn as a witness in a Camden, N. J., murder case said she had never seen a Bible before she entered the court room.

The best time made by any train is on the Great Northern in England—seventy miles in fifty six minutes.

The roof of the chamber in shaft No. 4 of the Consolidated Coal company's mine at Collinsville, Ills., caved in Saturday and one of the miners was smothered to death. His companions, six in number, had narrow escapes.

By Robert Ray Hamilton's will his brother's children will inherit some $300,000, and the bogus baby is secured a life annuity of $1,200. The counsel for Hamilton's alleged widow expects to bring suit for her right of dower, and, unless the court interposes, the fact that she did marry Hamilton will cloud the title of his real estate.

Cheap tinware is said to be very dangerous, the coating of the iron containing poisonous materials, generally antimony.

France spends nearly 1,000,000 francs a year in providing warm meals for the poor school children.

California seems to be a lucky state. Natural gas has been discovered three miles from Vallejo.

Professor Charles Moss, of the Wesleyan university, has accepted the Greek professorship in the Illinois university at Champaign.

The man who hauled the first load of sand in building the Polk county, Iowa, penitentiary, has just been sentenced to that institution for six months.

Virus taken from hares is being experimented with in France, and thus far it has been found to work equally well for the purposes of vaccination as virus taken from calves.

Cork covering for steam pipes has proved very successful in England, and in some cases it has been found to make a difference of 100 to 124 degrees from the temperature of uncovered pipes.

Alaska is now the roomiest of our territories. It contains eighteen square miles for each inhabitant. Its population consists of 22,135 natives, 4,430 whites, 2,215 Chinese, 82 blacks and 1,366 half breeds of uncertain paternity.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each..... 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, MARCH 21, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Pauline Hall and Opera Co.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts. — "Crystal Slipper."

THE AUDITORIUM.
Corner Wabash avenue and Congress street.—Theodore Thomas Concerts.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Russell's Comedians in "City Directory."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Duff Opera Co.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union —"The Stepdaughter."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Hoyt's "Bunch of Keys."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—Charles Krin Verner.

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets. — "My Jack."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halstead street near Madison.—"Alone in London."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sun-

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—Henry Grattan.

THE NEW ORLEANS MASSACRE.

The killing of the eleven Italians in New Orleans is the most serious thing in connection with the foreign politics of this country that has happened in it for many years, for it may lead to most unpleasant complications with a powerful European nation. There is no denying that it has occurred at an awkward time, when the McKinley bill has caused so many European nations to feel more or less angry at the United States.

The defense made for killing the Italians in New Orleans is that they belonged to a murder-society, that there was overwhelming proof of their guilt, and that the jury was bribed to acquit them. If there are any murder societies in this country, no matter to what nationality their members belong, and no matter what their object is, they should be stamped out. But the stamping should be done by law. There are laws in this country to reach and punish any possible offense against life and property. If punishment of crime is to be left to the fury of a mob, and if punishment can only be obtained by such means, the sooner our law courts are turned into warehouses the better it will be for civilization and the country at large. Under no circumstances can the murder of those unfortunate Italians be justified or even palliated. It is a disgrace to the country at large, and the Italian government would be justified in insisting on the most ample compensation for the relatives of such of the killed as were not citizens, and on the fullest apology from the department of state.

The darkest feature of the New Orleans massacre is that it was Italians alone that were killed. If the jurymen were known to have taken bribes to bring in a verdict of "not guilty" when they knew that the accused were guilty, why were the jurymen not shot down as well as the Italians? Here is where the Knownothing aspect becomes visible. The man who takes a bribe to free a guilty culprit, becomes even more of a criminal than the villian he sets free, for he not only becomes a perjurer, but debases one of the highest functions with which the law can invest him, and without which law can not be fairly administered. If the New Orleans mob had shot down the corrupt jurymen as well as the accused Italians, such an act, while it could not be applauded or sustained, might have shown the world that lynch law was no respecter of persons. The affair can only be regarded as purely and simply an assassination.

It is hardly probable that any serious quarrel with Italy will be the outcome of this miserable business in New Orleans. Italy has ample cause to be angry, but she will hardly go to war. She knows she could not fight America. The great danger is that if outrages of a similar nature to the one that has disgraced Louisiana take place from time to time, they will almost certainly lead to a combination of some of the great European powers against this country. It it should happen that similar outrages on subjects of say Austria or Germany is committed in the near future—before the memory of the New Orleans affair gets worn away—America may find herself in a very unpleasant position by having to fight two or three of the most powerful nations of Europe at the same time. Such a thing is, however, not likely to occur. It is more than probable that a repetition of the New Orleans massacre will never take place again, and it is ardently to be hoped that it will not.

GEN. MILES' FINE TRIBUTE TO THE IRISH BRIGADE.

No higher compliment was ever paid by an illustrious soldier to a martial race, than that paid by the gallant General Miles to the famous Irish brigade of the Army of the Potomac, commanded by the late Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher, in his speech at the Irish-American Club banquet at the Auditorium on the evening of St. Patrick's Day. Such testimony, coming from such a man, establishes beyond cavil the glory of the Irish soldiery in the civil war, and the speech of Gen. Miles, who was an eyewitness of their deeds, will be quoted to the latest generation in evidence of their loyalty and their valor. The testimony is all the more valuable because the general is in no way related to the Irish people by blood or otherwise, his family having come from Wales to the colony of Massachusetts early in the 17th century. As a commander in the field, while still in the flush of early youth, of the 1st division of the glorious Second Corps, of which Meagher's brigade formed a part, no man now living is better qualified to do full justice to the powers of that devoted body of Irish-American soldiers. The badge of the Second Corps, which contained, according to Gen. Miles, 20,000 Irishmen, was, very appropriately, the trefoil, or shamrock, each division carrying the red, white, or blue clover leaf in their regular order.

No matter what iconoclasts may allege about the non-Irish character of the flags carried by the Franco Irish brigade of the last century, there can be no question about the Green Flags and the shamrocks of the bold brigade of Fair Oaks, Malvern Hill, Antietam and Fredericksburg. Those flags, carried with the Stars and Stripes, were as green as the fields of Ireland, and the red trefoils on the soldiers' caps emblematized the blood they so freely shed in defense of the Union and human freedom.

ARCHBISHOP CROKE'S LETTER.

The Archbishop of Cashel, the Most Rev. Dr. Croke, in a letter to the Dublin *Freeman*, quotes THE CITIZEN as saying that all the American newspapers are against Mr. Parnell. Well, not quite all, but, supposing they are what of it? It would not be the first time. Notwithstanding their opposition, or that of most of them, in 1879-80, Parnell made a successful tour of this country, and then they turned around, and became his friends. The New York *Herald* was a wonderful example of this fact. Why did it change from being a foe to a friend? Because the New York Irish systematically boycotted it, until it came their way. When its business began to decline on account of Irish enmity it no longer abused Parnell, his aims and objects.

The Archbishop of Cashel is impregnable in his proper capacity. He is metropolitan of the most historic see in all Ireland, not excepting even Armagh. But, as a politician, Dr. Croke is not reliable. He changes his opinions too often. He is, at heart, a loyalist—an upholder of the British crown and connection. Nine-tenths of the Catholics of Ireland think the other way, if they spoke out their true minds. Yet they respect Dr. Croke, as we respect him, in his illustrious capacity as a Catholic churchman, but, at home and abroad, the Irish masses are more nearly in line with Parnell, as an Irish Nationalist, than with the brilliant, but Whiggish, archbishop.

Mr. Richard C. Kerens, of St. Louis, to whom the archbishop alludes, is a respectable gentleman, rich in this world's wealth, and better known as a strong friend of Mr. Blaine than for any other reason. He is a most amiable man, but his opportunities for judging of the sentiment of the Irish masses in this country toward Parnell are exceedingly limited, and the most reverend archbishop, who is one of our valued readers, can see by a communication from St. Louis, which we publish in this issue, that the ideas of Mr. Kerens in regard to Mr. Parnell are not those of many of his fellow townsmen.

Archbishop Croke can not, certainly, approve of the methods taken by Mr. Healy and his friends to blacken Parnell in this country and elsewhere. In last Friday's daily papers Mr. Parnell's appeal to the Irish-Americans was handicapped by an allegation that he was absent from his duties in parliament because of an intrigue with Mrs. O'Shea. To this Parnell gave an emphatic denial a few hours later, but, nevertheless, the lie had been sent broadcast and the harm was done. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor" is a commandment that the good archbishop ought to enforce upon his political associates.

If Archbishop Croke, and all other archbishops, bishops and priests, would deal with Mr. Parnell, who is a Protestant, as sensibly as the English Protestant archbishops, etcetera, deal with the Marquis of Hartington or the Prince of Wales, who are their co-religionists, all Ireland would be with Parnell. The Irish, as a body, have not yet learned to distinguish between the church in religion and the church in politics. But they are rapidly "getting there," and the present attitude of the hierarchy in Irish politics is materially aiding them in that direction. When the Irish people, of all creeds, acquire the spirit to restrict the clergy to their sacred functions, Ireland will be free, but not before.

MR. PARNELL'S APPEAL.

Mr. Parnell's appeal for aid to the Irish-Americans, which came out last week, does not differ materially from appeals of a similar nature previously made. Messrs. J. J. O'Kelly, William Redmond, W. Harrison and John O'Connor, of the parliamentary party, are his accredited representatives. They are pleasant and able gentlemen, no doubt, but they are not Mr. Parnell. The latter alone can awaken the enthusiasm of the people, although his representatives will have a respectful hearing, if they should undertake to canvass the United States in search of funds. THE CITIZEN cannot, however, be a party to deceiving Mr. Parnell's ambassadors as to the financial outcome. It believes that little if any money can be raised under existing conditions. Parnell himself might overcome the public apathy, but we fear his lieutenants cannot. It is a case that requires the leader's presence. He owes it to his friends in this country to personally explain his position from American platforms.

The national spirit was never stronger among Irishmen than now, but they are "death down on" faction, and will contribute no funds for factious ends. In the interests of Ireland, the disgraceful feud on the other side of the ocean ought to be composed somehow. It chills everything over here. Mr. Parnell is, unquestionably, the popular choice, but his opponents are bitter and many of them decidedly unscrupulous. It seems now as if the revolutionary element alone can save the cause from disintegration; and their chosen field of operations is certainly not the floor of the British house of commons.

THE NEW YORK CELTIC MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

The annual Celtic musical festival in New York takes place this year, as usual, on Easter Tuesday. For some eight or ten years this event has been gaining in popularity, not only among those of Irish and blood, but among the citizens in general of New York and vicinity. When the annual Easter "féis ceoil" was inaugurated, it was a very small affair, and it was with the greatest difficulty that four or five hundred people could be brought together. Now, however, the difficulty of getting an audience is not so great. The Irish people and the general public are beginning to see that Celtic music is the most beautiful in the world, and appeals to the sympathies more strongly than all the fugues, operas, oratorios and marches that ever were or ever will be composed.

The coming féis ceoil, or musical festival, in New York which will take place on Easter Tuesday, March 31, promises to be the greatest and most interesting that has yet been held in that city. Not only will the best musical talent be employed, but the world-famous "Craoibhin Aoibhin," the great Irish poet, scholar and patriot, will assist at it. This young gentleman's name is Douglas Hyde. He is little over 30 years of age. He is the greatest living Gaelic poet, and greatest living master of the modern form of that language. He belongs to one of the oldest and most respectable families in Ireland, and is absolutely the only man of his position and birth in all Ireland who, from his very boyhood, has stood up manfully for the cause of his native land, and who has made the cultivation and resuscitation of his country's neglected language, one of the great objects of this life. His course in Trinity College, Dublin, was one of the most brilliant. He won the degree of L.L.D. before he was 30. There is hardly a department of learning in which he has not shone. He comes to New York solely for the purpose of attending the annual Easter Celtic Musical Festival. He will make an address in English and in Irish, and will certainly get such an ovation as has hardly ever been tendered to any one who is a patriot without being a politician. It is more than probable, if not quite certain, that the celebrated tenor, Mr. Wm. Ludwig will also assist at the coming festival; and Miss Inez Carusi will certainly be there. The people of Chicago had an opportunity of hearing her at Battery D in November, 1888. She is, although Irish only on her mother's side, the greatest living renderer of Celtic melody known to the American public.

It seems a great pity that other American cities do not try and imitate New York in the matter of annual Celtic musical festivals. If there is any city on this continent that should first fall into line, it is Chicago, with its enormous Irish population and its astonishing spirit of enterprise. If Chicago once undertakes to hold a Celtic musical festival regularly on a certain fixed day every year, every other large city on the continent will soon fall into line, and great and lasting good will be accomplished for the Irish race. Americans know very little about Irish music, simply because the Irish themselves do not practise it as they ought. But ample proof could be given that it is the most beautiful music in the world, notwithstanding the fact that the mass of the Irish people, under the influence of bad leaders, have, during the last century ignored alike their national music and national language. It is, however, never too late to mend, and a real awakening in the matter of the national music and speech has at last set in. If the growth of the movement has been slow, it has been steady, and great results may soon be expected from it.

It would be a good thing if the Irish inhabitants of this city would seriously entertain the idea of establishing an annual féis ceoil to be held, as in New York, on the same day each year. It should not be held on St. Patrick's day, Emmet's day, the Martyrs' day, or the day on which the New York festival is held, in order that artists of the best class could have an opportunity of appearing at the different entertainments in the different cities. No second-class artists should be engaged. Irish music has suffered greatly by the class of artists that too often appear at Irish gatherings. No second-class artist can do anything but an injury to Irish music, because of all music, it is the most generally difficult to sing well, and the most easily "murdered" by an inferior singer.

If Chicago should take the initiative in following the example of New York and establishing an annual Celtic musical festival to take place on a fixed day, every large city on the continent would soon follow her example.

GEN. MILES stated to a representative of THE CITIZEN at the Irish-American Club banquet, that there were 30,000 soldiers of the Irish race in the Army of the Potomac alone.

MR. HEMPSTEAD WASHBURNE received the unanimous nomination for mayor from the Republican city convention last Saturday. The Democratic convention will be held today (Saturday) at 11 o'clock.

OBITUARY.

MRS E. M. M'CLURE.

Mrs. E. M. McClure, wife of the well known citizen and Irish Nationalist, Maj. William C. McClure, died at her residence on South Park avenue, at 10 o'clock last Sunday evening. She had been ill about three weeks, but as she was a lady of remarkably fine physique, no one looked for a fatal termination of the attack up to a few days before her death. Mrs. McClure retained consciousness almost to the end, and having received the consolations of the Catholic church from the Rev. Father McDonnell of St. James parish, passed peacefully away. The prevailing influenza first attacked the lamented lady, and, in spite off the efforts of three of the leading physicians of this city, it finally developed into that dread scourge of the present day, acute pneumonia. Mrs. McClure's venerable mother, Mrs. Arthur Devlin, died nine months ago, and since that affliction came upon her, the devoted daughter had not been in as good health as she was generally blessed with.

Mrs. McClure's maiden name was Elizabeth M. Devlin, and she was born in Buffalo, N.Y., forty-eight years ago. She received a thorough education, and was not alone a fine English scholar, but also spoke the French language as fluently as if it had been her mother tongue. Her father, the late Arthur Devlin, was an intense Irish patriot, and his daughter was equally devoted to the cause of the old motherland. She was of affectionate disposition, and the great esteem in which she was held was testified to by the large gathering of friends at the obsequies. The handsome casket which contained her relics was buried deep by the floral tributes sent by those who loved her.

The religious services were held at St. James' church, the Rev. S. P. McDonnell officiating. The spacious church was filled with mourners, and among those present were noticed the following: Mrs. Marian A. Mulligan and Miss Mulligan; Mrs. Anna Cowell Hobkirk, Mrs. William K Sullivan, Mrs. George P. Gilman, Mrs. P. C. Shannon, Mrs. Mary Gordon, Mrs. M. Lyons, Mrs. Stephen Maddock and daughter; Mrs. Ray, Mr. and Mrs. John McKeough, Mrs. Berry, Peoria, Ill.; Miss May Walker, Buffalo, N.Y., cousin of the deceased; Mr. and Mrs. Joseph J. Kelly; Mr. and Mrs William Brennan; Hon. P. A. Hoyne, F. R VanHam, Capt. Thomas Brenan, Mr. and Mrs. William Bohn, Mrs. E. M. McCormick, Mrs. Martin Hayes, Mrs. John F. Finerty, Mr. and Mrs. John Dunn, Mr. and Mrs. John Traynor, Mrs. Owen Murray, Mr. and Mrs. William Boyle, Mr. and Mrs. John Coughlan, Hon. James P. Root, Mr James Chisholm, city editor *Evening Journal*; Assessor Richards, Ulrich Rohrbach, Mr. P. J. Leston, Captain John Lyons and many others.

The active pall bearers were Captain William Buckley, Captain Martin Hayes, John C. Schubert, clerk of the Criminal court; George P. Gilman, Owen Murray, Captain John Shea, John E. McMahon and John F. Finerty.

The honorary pall bearers were Hon. W. K Sullivan, editor of the *Evening Journal*; John J. Fitzgibbon, president of the Calumet National Bank; Hon. Redmond Prindiville, William Fogarty, Hon. James P. Root, Hon. P. A. Hoyne, Wm. O'Connell and Captain O'Connor, of the grain inspector's office.

The funeral cortege was very large, and the route was from St James' church to the Dearborn station where cars were taken to Mount Olivet cemetery. The Rev John Waldron, of Oak Park, a personal friend of the McClure-Devlin family, accompanied the mourners to Mount Olivet, and preached a beautiful and touching funeral sermon over the remains before they were finally consigned to the earth. Father Waldron said that, although Mrs McClure had, in the matter of years, passed her prime, yet neither physically nor mentally had she given evidence that the end all must reach was so near. The amiability of character and beauty of intellect which had distinguished her in life, drew to her bier that day many friends who had known her in the days of her youth, and whose friendship had only been strengthened by the advance of years. She had died in the fullness of faith, perfectly resigned to the will of her divine Maker, and she was being laid to her earthly rest by the side of that good and kindly mother who had watched over her infancy and her prime. The sorrow that, from time to time, comes to all of mortal birth had not spared her, but she bore every burden of grief with womanly and Christian fortitude, and her dying moments were made sweet by the hope of eternal happiness. It would be a consolation to the husband and to the brother who survived her, to know that their feelings of bereavement were shared by those who had known her best during her long residence in this city.

At the conclusion of Father Waldron's discourse, the grave was filled, and, the mound having been covered with the floral tributes which were borne to the cemetery, all present joined in prayer led by the good priest, and then with saddened hearts, departed for their homes. Several telegrams were received from Mr. John A. Devlin, of Astoria, Ore., brother of Mrs. McClure, expressing the tenderest regret for the death of the lamented lady, and also expressing deep sympathy with the dear ones who survive her.

IRISH NEWS NOTES.

Miss Rose Kavanagh, a gifted Irish writer, a native of Tyrone, died recently.

The attempt to form a branch of the Irish Federation in Birr turned out a complete fiasco.

An election for town clerk took place in Nenagh recently. Mr. Jeremiah O'Brien (Parnellite) was elected, defeating Mr. McQuirk (anti-Parnellite).

John Tuohy, charged with matricide, was acquitted at the assizes in Ennis.

A Parnell Leadership Committee has been established in Charleville.

The people of Sligo have heard with deep regret of the departure of the Rev. Thomas Deely, O. P., who has been transferred to Limerick. The departure of the Rev. L. Butler, O.P., whose eloquent sermons attracted vast congregations to the Dominican Friary, is also much regretted. The reverend gentlemen named above will be succeeded by the Rev. Father Byrne, O.P., and Rev. Father Flynn, O.P. The former has been transferred from Galway, the latter from Tralee.

The anti Parnellite members of parliament allotted to Kerry attempted to hold a meeting at Tralee, but were driven off by the Parnellite populace, Mr. Kilbride being roughly treated.

At the Nenagh assizes, Peter Donnelly, who had been in the employment of Mr. Martin as groom at Killeakehan, near Templemore, was charged with the wilful murder of John Cahill at Killeakehan gate lodge on the evening of Dec. 10. He was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude.

A mass meeting at which Mr. Parnell is expected to be present will be held in Dungarvan.

A large and enthusiastic meeting, convened by circular, to which upwards of forty names of the most representative of the town were attached, was held in the Young Ireland Hall, Francis street, Dundalk. Among those present were Messrs. Henry O'Connell, T.C., H.C; M. Walsh, T.C.; Joseph Maxwell, T.C.; James McCourt, T.C.; P. Hanratty, T.C.; Thomas Rogers, P.L.G.; Bernard Hamill, P.L.G.; Joseph M. Johnson, T.C.; Edward Morgan, president Laborers' Society; Patrick J. Mulligan, secretary Young Ireland Society; Thomas Smith and Redmond Magrath, vice presidents Young Ireland Society; Michael Hanratty, James Callan, and Patrick McCrave. A Parnell Leadership Committee was formed.

The demonstration at which Mr. Parnell attended in Navan was the largest since O'Connell's time. There was a series of extraordinary demonstrations on the way to Navan.

The Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, coadjutor bishop of the diocese of Killaloe, has made the following changes in the diocese—Rev. M. O'Gorman, P.P., Upper Feakle, changed to Broadford, in lieu of Rev. Eugene Molony, P.P., Broadford, sent to the united parishes of Kilmurry M'Mahon and Killofin; and Rev. C. Egan, P. P., Portroe, to be parish priest at Monsea.

Great regret was expressed in Limerick at the death of the Rev. J. Mortell, C.C., St. Mary's, Limerick, which occurred suddenly. Father Mortell was most popular in the city. He was preparing to attend evening devotions at the parish church when he became unexpectedly seized with an affection of the heart, and expired in a few moments.

It is stated that Michael Considine, one of the prisoners in custody charged with the murder of Bridget Flanagan near the cliffs of Moher last autumn, became insane while awaiting trial in Limerick jail, and has been removed to the Ennis Lunatic Asylum.

At the meeting of the Kilkenny corporation the account with the National Bank, which was in debt over £3,000, was under discussion. The bank has been pressing for payment for some time, and pending payment has demanded a mortgage on the corporate property as security. The corporation steadfastly refused to mortgage any portion of their property, and the bank ultimately placed the matter in the hands of their solicitor. After a long discussion Martin Morrissey, a member of the corporation, wrote a check for the amount of the debt and handed it to the mayor. The corporation expressed their thanks to Mr. Morrissey, and a resolution was then passed deciding to have no more dealings with the National Bank, and to transfer the corporate accounts to the Hibernian Bank.

Tim Healy was burned in effigy at Tuam on Feb. 27.

A meeting of the committee of the Ballinasloe branch of the League was held at the hall of the Catholic Young Men's Society. The Ballinasloe Gaels attended, and the general members of the League were represented. Mr. P. O'Farrell, C.A., occupied the chair, and among those present were: Messrs. Thomas Byrne, John Regney, T. Greene, John Egan, J. Manning, P. O'Connor, T. Keane, Jas. Goode, John Roche, M.P., and David Sheehy, M.P. Messrs. Roche and Sheehy were hooted and the gas turned off, which put an end to the meeting.

Extraordinary evidence was given at Virginia, county Cavan, on the hearing of the charge against William Buchanan of having murdered the old man Reilly and his wife near Ballyjamesduff. A witness stated that he had frequently told him of his intention to plunder the Reillys, and asked the witness to help him, and, on his refusal, said there would be surgeon's work before the following Tuesday. He was in the habit of carrying suspended at his waist an iron bar, which was produced in court, and when asked why he did so replied, "Dimes and dollars, dollars and dimes; an empty pocket is the worst of crimes." The prisoner was again remanded.

Very large quantities of potatoes are being shipped from Londonderry to places on the west coast of Ireland, in connection with the government relief work.

Messrs. Roche, Sheehy, and Crilly, anti-Parnellite members of parliament, paid a brief visit to Galway, and had a consultation with the bishop. As they were leaving the town a crowd assembled and gave them a farewell hooting.

The Very Rev. Father Paul, a native of Carlow, who has been appointed vicar-general of the diocese of Auckland, and who has been in New Zealand for the past thirty five years, was a student in Carlow College with the present coadjutor bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, the Most Rev. Dr. Comerford. Father Paul was the last priest ordained by the late Dr. Healy, as Dr. Comerford was the first ordained by his successor, Dr. Walshe.

A bridge is to be built over the Minane river at Ringabella, county Cork, the Rev. James O'Keeffe, P.P., Tracton, having obtained a baronial and county grant conditional on his being able to furnish a contribution of £150. He has already received some handsome subscriptions, including £20 from Capt. William Morgan Hodder, R. A.

Feb. 15, at Limerick, the picked hurlers and footballers of Kerry won a decisive victory over Galway. The matches were arranged at the last Thurles convention by the Kerry and Galway delegates.

Mrs. Brazil, the postmistress at Cloghan, about seven miles from Birr, has been lodged in the bridewell, Birr, on a charge of embezzling £160, the property of the postoffice. She was apprehended at Londonderry while, it is believed, she was endeavoring to escape to America.

The Very Rev. E. Owens, P. P., is at present lying dangerously ill at the parochial house, Carnlough.

A cardriver named Sheridan reported to the police at Virginia, county Cavan, that on the road between Oldcastle and Virginia a revolver shot was fired towards him by a man he met on the road, which struck the flank of the horse he was driving. It is supposed that his car was mistaken for the mail car.

Mr. Parnell had an enthusiastic reception at the meeting in Cork on March 17. It was attended by 20,000 people, most of whom were farmers. In the course of his address he challenged Mr. Maurice Healy and his colleagues in the representation of the city of Cork to test the popular feeling by seeking re-election with him.

Henry Campbell, M.P., Mr. Parnell's secretary, has instituted an action for libel against the Cork *Herald* on account of an editorial stating that certain members of parliament were on plank beds with O'Brien and Dillon while Mr. Campbell was discharging the degrading duty of renting houses for the degrading purposes of his master.

CONTRADICTING MR. KERENS.

[*To the Editor.*]

ST. LOUIS, March. 8.—Our distinguished townsman, Mr. R. C. Kerens, has, for the second time during the past few weeks, expressed himself in published interviews regarding Mr. Parnell's leadership in such extravagant and misleading statements, that a few of the readers of your popular Irish patriotic paper feel that they would like to place themselves right before your subscribers. As we have not a representative Irish journal in this city, and as THE CITIZEN is widely circulated here, we would ask you, as an act of justice and fair play, to allow us a little space on this vexed question.

Mr. Kerens stated a few weeks ago to a London newspaper reporter, that nine-tenths of the Irish in America repudiated Mr. Parnell, and the only followers he had in this country were the "noisy element." In a more recent interview published in New York and telegraphed to one of our local papers (which please find inclosed), Mr. Kerens makes the startling assertion that "Mr. Parnell's real status as a leader of men has been analyzed, and he has been found wanting in nearly every essential that goes to make a leader of men," etc.

Now, sir, the Irishmen of St. Louis who, so far from belonging to the "noisy element," but who, on the contrary, do not rush into print nor have their views aired in foreign papers for the delectation of the enemies of our country. The men who represent the principles of Wolfe Tone, Robert Emmet, Edward Fitzgerald, John Mitchell O'Brien, Meagher, Allan, Larkin and O'Brien. The men, sir, who endorse the patriotic sentiments in your ringing editorials, who followed in the footsteps of the "Hillside men," who were among the men of '67. The men who cannot agree with Mr. Kerens' views as expressed in the interviews mentioned. They wonder how Mr. Kerens can undertake to speak for nine-tenths of the Irish American population whom he has not affiliated with since the question of Mr. Parnell's leadership became the absorbing topic, for Mr. Kerens has passed the last four months in the capitols of Europe, and consequently can know nothing about the feelings of his Irish-American fellow countrymen.

We respect Mr. Kerens for his many good traits and generous patriotism, as we do those of Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, who was led into an expression of similar views some time ago in a letter to Mr. Herbert Gladstone. Had Mr. Kerens been present at the Emmet celebration held here on March 4, he would have a different opinion on hearing the tumultuous applause which greeted our gifted young orator, O'Neil Ryan, when that gentleman spoke in burning words of the men of "pikes and swords," and denounced entangling alliances with Englishmen and English parties.

The Fanny Parnell League held a most enthusiastic meeting this evening, and made final arrangements for their 11th annual ball, to be held at Uhrig's Cave on St. Patrick's night, the proceeds of which will be sent to the evicted tenants in Ireland. This league has been organized since 1880, and has sent over to Ireland about $12 000, something more than $1,000 a year since their formation.

Apologizing for thus trespassing upon your valuable space, we remain, respectfully,

COMMITTEE.

THE CELT ON TOP.

An Evening of Supreme Delight Enjoyed by Welsh, Scotch and Irish Celts

Celtic Songs, Celtic Music, and Celtic Speeches.

The evening of March 16 will be long remembered by most of the Welsh, and by many of the Irish and Scotch inhabitants of Chicago. The Welsh church of All Souls, on Oakwood boulevard, was crowded with one of the most enthusiastic audiences that ever filled its walls to hear the sweet music of the Celt rendered by some very talented artists. The entertainment was the conception of the Rev. Jenkin Loyd Jones, the genial Welsh pastor of All Souls Church. His idea was to bring together Celtic Welsh, Scotch and Irish in order that the three different nationalities and the "Saxon stranger" might have an opportunity of hearing all kinds of Celtic music and songs. Dr. Jones should have the thanks of every man, woman and child in Chicago with a drop of Celtic blood in their veins; for by bringing the different Celtic nationalities thus together, irrespective of creed or politics, he has shown himself to be a man of great breadth of view, and in no way influenced by the too often narrow and bigotted teachings of too many of the church men to whom Irish, Scotch and Welsh have looked up as spiritual guides. The Celtic Irish, Scotch and Welsh should know one another better. They have been kept apart and estranged from each other for nearly five hundred years by polemical differences. If the race desires to perpetuate itself, if it does not wish to be swallowed down and extinguished for ever in the deep maw of so called Anglo-Saxonism, it must pitch religious intolerance to the winds, and the different branches of it must unite; and while each sustains its own creed, customs and dialect, present, at the same time, a firm and united phalanx to the foe that seeks to destroy it. Of all branches of the Celtic race, the Welsh have make the best fight to preserve their language, music, and everything that is theirs. There is more Welsh spoken today than there ever was before; there are a million times more books in it than there were in the time of Owen Glendower; for the one harp that uttered the sweet music of the Cymri in the days of Hotspur, a hundred now pour forth its strains. Long life and success to heroic little Wales!

The performance commenced with the Irish part of the programme, over which John F. Finerty presided. Alexander Dunlop presided over the Scotch part, and William Apmadoc over the Welsh part. It would be hard to say whether the Welsh, Scotch or Irish part was the most interesting, all were so good. One opinion, however, seemed to prevail among the audience, including even the American portion of it, and that was that the Celtic languages are the best for singing in, and that Irish possesses the most musical sounds of any of them. Underneath will be found the programme of the entertainment:

PART I.

IRELAND.

Arranged and introduced by Hon. John. F. Finerty.

Medley of Irish Airs (Instrumental)..... Mrs. Carrie Ruare.

"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old."..Moore
The Symposonius Quartette—Miss Mary Smith, Miss Lucy Smith, Mr. T. S. Nolan, and Mr. Wm. F. Ryan.

Recitation in Irish..... T. O Neil Russell.

"The Kerry Dance"—Song of Flounula (Soprano Solo)..... Miss Mary Smith.

"Sublime was the Word which Liberty Spoke" (Contralto Solo)..... Moore
Miss Lucy Smith.

"Come Back to Erin" (Bass Solo)..... Claribel
Mr. Wm. F. Ryan.

"The Valley Lay Smiling Before Me" (Tenor Solo)..... Moore
Mr. T. S. Nolan.

"The Harp that Once Tarough Tara's Hall" ..... Moore
Symposonius Quartette.

"The Bard's Legacy" in Gaelic..... M. O'Gallagher.

"Dreams of Killarney" (Soprano Solo)..O'Reilly
Miss Jennie Callahan.

PART II.

SCOTLAND.

Arranged and announced by Mr. Alexander Dunlop.

Bag Pipe Solo—Cro luidh nan bodach Pibroch o Donald Dhu..... Alexander Grant
"McGregor's Gathering"..... J. L. Johnston
"Caller Herrin'"..... Mrs. S. A. Dunlop
"The Flowers o' the Forest"..... J. L. Johnston
"Chaid an Chaidheil an Ribhim an oehd"... D. A. Smith
"Mary of Argyle"..... J. L. Johnston
"Will ye na Come Back Again?"..... Mrs. S. A. Dunlop
Scotch Songs—Selected..... Mr. Gorrie

PART III.

WALES.

Arranged and introduced by Wm. Apmadoc, Sec. Cymroderion Society.

Old Melody (10th Century)—"Lil Lon"..... Penillion Solos
Kelts of Cambria.

Recitation—"The Welsh Women of Mumble's Head"..... Miss Anna Hughes.

Welsh Airs—Cyghau Aberdyd" (15th Century) Miss Grace E. Jones.

Old Chorales { a) "Bydd Myrdd o ryfeddodau"
b) "Wyrth gofio 'rriddfanau 'n yr arod"..... Kelts of Cambria

Duo—"Y Ddellion ar yn afon"..... Misses Mamie and Maggie Williams.

Penillion Singing—"Meirionedd March"—After the manner of the Ancient Dryids..... Mr. W. Apmadoc.

Old Melody (15th Century)—"Nos Galon"... Penillion Solos
Kelts of Cambria.

"Ar Hyd y Nos"..... Mr. W. Apmadoc.

LEAVE TAKINGS.

Air; "Ar Hyd y Nos."

(The Company will join in the refrain.)

Each day adds to its holy burden,
Trust in the home.
Every eve will bring its guerdon,
Rest in the home.
Toil, brave heart, though storms may beat thee;
Trust, sad heart, for joy will greet thee;
Wait, true heart for love will meet thee,
All in the home.

Live, creating love and sharing,
Ever in the home.
Every trial nobly bearing,
All for the home.
Love is always blest tuition,
May it find here free admission,
So 'twill bring its own tuition,
Heaven in the home. —Eva H. Walker.

Each season has its own peculiar malady; but with the blood maintained in a state of uniform vigor and purity by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla little danger need be feared from meteorological influences. No other blood medicine is so safe and effective.

WAS AT WATERLOO.

The Late Earl of Albemarle.

There are few Waterloo men left, either in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Hanover, Brunswick, or Nassau; and of these sparse survivors the most distinguished passed gently away at his London residence in Portman Square, on Saturday morning, in his ninety second year. George Thomas Keppel, sixth earl of Albemarle, who was born on June 18, 1797, traced his descent from Arnold Joost Van Keppel, a member of the nobles in Holland, who accompanied William, prince of Orange, in his expedition to this country in 1688, and, after his royal highness' establishment on the English throne, was created Baron Ashford, Viscount Bury, and Earl of Albemarle in the peerage of England.

After describing his feelings during the wet night which preceded the great battle, and after giving an account of how the fight began: "We were now ordered to lie down," writes Lord Albemarle; "our square, which was hardly large enough to hold to standing upright, being much too small for us in a recumbent position. Our men lay packed together like herrings in a barrel. Not finding a vacant spot, I seated myself on a drum. Behind me was Colonel Tidy's charger, which, with his head pressed against mine, was mumbling my epaulette. Suddenly my drum capsized, and I was thrown prostrate by a blow on my right cheek. I thought half my face was shot away, but the skin was not even abraided. A piece of shell had stauck the horse on the nose, exactly between my hand and head, and killed him imstantly. The blow I received was from the embossed crown on the horse's bit."

Towards evening the 14th regiment was on the extreme right of the British line. At that critical moment a magnificent body of French cuirassiers, with black helmets and brass plates ascended the hill *en pas de charge*. Their presence procured for the English regiments a momentary suspension of the enemy's artillery fire. The charge fell upon a Brunswick regiment of infantry on the left of Lord Albemarle's companions, and the French cavalry, after trying in vain to break the infantry squares, were mowed down by the murderous fire issuing from these serried ranks. A dense smoke hung over the combatants, and when it cleared away the imperial horsemen were seen flying in disorder. The hill was covered with dead and dying men, some of whose horses galloped away with empty saddles, while dismounted cuirassiers were seen hurrying away on foot as fast as their heavy armor would permit. At sunset, Lord Albemarle found himself at Hougoument, close to which he had been posted throughout the day. That night he slept under a tree facing the entrance to the farm. When he visited the battleground about thirty years later the tree was gone. "The battle had been equally destructive of animal and vegitable life. The fine elms which formed the avenue to Hougoumont had died of wounds received in the action."

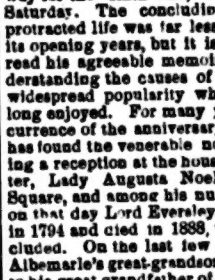
In 1832 Lord Albemarle was returned, as Mr. Keppel, for East Norfolk, and took his seat as a whig in the first reformed parliament in 1833. In 1847 Mr. Keppel was returned as member for Lymington, but held his seat for only two sessions. In 1849 his father died, and his brother, Augustus Viscount Bury, became fifth earl of Albemarle, and dying in 1851, made way for the sixth earl, who expired on Saturday. The concluding half of his protracted life was far less exciting than its opening years, but it is impossible to read his agreeable memoirs without understanding the causes of the great and widespread popularity which he has so long enjoyed. For many years each recurrence of the anniversary of Waterloo has found the venerable nobleman holding a reception at the house of his daughter, Lady Augusta Noel, in Portman Square, and among his numerous visitors on that day Lord Eversley, who was born in 1794 and died in 1888, was always included. On the last few occasions Lord Albemarle's great-grandson was the bearer to his great grandfather of the many beautiful bouquets sent to him by the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Cambridge, the Dowerage Lady de Ros, and other attached friends. "Life to the last enjoyed," the sixth earl of Albemarle passed away in full possession of his faculties, leaving behind him in General Whitehcote and Captain Hewitt—who was in Lord Albemarle's regiment at Waterloo, and sold out of the army in 1828—the only two British officers still alive who assisted in giving Napoleon his *coup de grace*.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.*

SOUGHT FOR the last hundred years. A remedy for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head found at last in Ely's Cream Balm. Safe and pleasant to use and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once and a thorough treatment positively cures. Price 50 cents.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren-st., N.Y.

"WEARING OF THE GREEN"

Ceitheamh na h-Uaine.

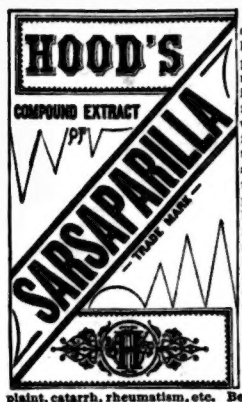
The following was made up from two versions of "Wearing of the Green" that appeared in the *Western Cross* of Kansas City, Mo.

A Fhaid, a stóir, a g-cuallis fós go n-dearnadh reachd a's dligh'
Gan Seamróg bheith ag fás pios nó a n-Eirinn dhil, a chroidh;—
Gan lá féil' Phádraig mhóradh, gan duilleóg ghlas le fághail
Air fhear no mnaoi.—sud é an dligh' ó Shasanaidh anall.

Do casadh Napper Tandy liom, agus rug sé air mo láimh;
Cé 'n chaoi, arsé, bh-fuil Eire bhocht, no bh-fuil sí fós d'a crádh?
'Sí an tír is boichte brúidhte í, dá bh-fuil 'san domhan air fad,—
Gach fear a's bean a chaitheas glas, a g-crochadh suas gan stad!

Má's é an dáth caithfidhear linn, a n-dearg fuilteach féin,
O cuirfidh sé a g-cuimhne dhúinn an fhuil do dhóirt na tréin'.
Cuir dhiot, anois, an t-Seamróg, caith uait í, acht ná saoil
Nach g-cuirfidh sí a freumha síos; ní h-eagla dhi, ní baoghal.

'Nuair choisgfas dligh' na Sasanaidhe an feur ó bheith ag fás,
'S nuair fhaghann duilleóga glasa creann a samhraidh sámha, bás,
Annsin, O bainfead Seamróga ó bhárr mo shean-chaibín;
Acht go d-tí an lá 'nn a g-tiocfás sin, beidh 'n t-Seamróg ghlas mo mhian!



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TO MEN (young or old) suffering with NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF VITALITY, LACK OF NERVE FORCE AND VIGOR, WASTING WEAKNESSES, and all those diseases of a PERSONAL NATURE resulting from ABUSES and OTHER CAUSES. Quick and Complete Restoration to HEALTH, VIGOR and MANHOOD. Also for RHEUMATISM, all KIDNEY TROUBLES and many other diseases. The BEST ELECTRIC APPLIANCES ON EARTH. Full particulars sent in PLAIN SEALED ENVELOPE. Address

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Beginners' Class, Monday Evenings. Advance class, Tuesday and Friday Evenings, admission 25c a person. Private lessons $1.00 per hour. Hall for rent for Balls and Parties. Sleigh parties received all nights excepting Saturday nights.
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NEW YORK. QUEENSTOWN. LIVERPOOL.
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ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890 No fee charged if claim is not allowed.
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79 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

F. D. Kinsella & Co.

22 & 24 FOURTH-AV., Chicago,
Designers and Manufacturers of
Stained, Cut, and Embossed
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For Churches, Residences, Public Halls and Buildings, &c.

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Granulated Sugar, per lb..... 4¾ cents

AND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

17 Lbs Granulated Sugar for..... $1.00
20 lbs Extra C Sugar for..... $1.00

A 20 lb box California Loose Muscatel Raisins for	$1.25
A Large Fat Yellow California Peach, per lb	19 cents
A 20 lb pail Pure Fruit Preserves for	$1.95
10 Polished Marbles for	1 cent
A Job Lot of Pocketbooks, each	1 cent
Child's Set Knife, Fork, and Spoon, all for	5 cents
Pocket Spring Tape Measure, 36 in. long, in glass case, each	1 cent
Glass Inkwells, in Fancy Japanned Stand, each	8 cents
A 2 lb can Roast Beef for	11 cents
Best Salad Dressing, per bottle	10 cents
Shoudy's Telephone Soap, full pound bars, each	3¾ cents
California Unpeeled Peeches, per lb	9 cents
A 2 lb can Bartlett Pears for	12½ cents
A 3 lb can California Asparagus for	4 cents
Large cans Mustard Sardines for	7¾ cents
A bottle of Tiny Tim Pickles for	15 cents
A 2 lb can Preserved Raspberries for	12½ cents
A 3 lb can California Plums for	14 cents
A 3 lb can California Muscat Grapes for	15 cents
Mountain Condensed Milk (same as Highland) per can	10 cents
4 lbs After-Dinner Java Coffee for	$1.00
Quarter box finest London Layer Table Raisins for	68 cents
1 lb cans Alaska Salmon for	9 cents
A 10 lb pail Extra Family Mackerel	$1.14
A 20 lb Pail Pure Fruit Jelly for	69 cents
Swift & Co.'s Best California Hams, per lb	5¾ cents
1 lb packages Mixed Bird Seed for	2¾ cents
1 lb package best Corn Starch for	6 cents
Carolina Head Rice, per pound	5 cents
A 3 lb can California Table Peaches for	18 cents
A 1 lb wood box Rob Roy Smoking Tobacco for	23 cents
1 lb cloth bag Golden West Smoking Tobacco for	19 cents
A 3 lb can Sweet Wild Blackberries for	17 cents
Ko Ko-Ine Washing Powder, per package	3 cents
Prepared Mustard, put up in cut glass Frappe Glasses, each	7 cents
California Dried Pears, per pound	10 cents
Extra Preserved Figs, in glass jars, worth 75 cents each, our price	39 cents
Lewis Lye, per can	7 cents
Rising Sun Stove Polish, per package	8¾ cents

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Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

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Diamond Medal Patent Flour, per brl..... $5.28
Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour, per brl..... $4.88

SOAPS.

33 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
23 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap	1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
20 bars Best Family Soap for	1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	5.00

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1.50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	27c	3 10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	17c	2 00
3 lb cans California Apricots	21c	2 40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	15c	1 50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2-lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
2-lb cans Stringless Beans	7c	80
3-lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 30
3 lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 70
3 lb cans Pumpkin	10c	1 00
2 lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3-lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	9c	1 05
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine Small French Peas	16c	1 70
2-lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.	11c	1 25
2 lb cans Paxton Corn	9c	1 05
2-lb cans Oneida Co., N. Y., Sweet Corn	10c	1 15

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans California Salmon	10c	$1.15
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	21c	2 40
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	12c	1 30
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	19c	2 20
American Sardines in oil	5c	55
Mustard Sardines, large cans	10c	1 05
Imported Sardines in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10

COFFEES.

6 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for..... $1 00
5 pounds Roasted Rio Coffee for..... 1 00
4 pounds After Dinner Java, for..... 1 00
Good Green Rio Coffee, per lb..... 20c

TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb..... 25 cen
A New Crop Japan, per lb..... 35 cent
A Pin Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb..... 50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb. 25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb.. 35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, lb.. 50 cents

Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb 25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb... 35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb..... 50 cents

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,

GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

To have met but once, but once,
And swept forever apart
On the world's dark tide that rushes on
And sunders many a heart!
To have looked on eyes like yours,
To have touched such a rose leaf hand
And never, never again to meet,
But in Memory's dreamy land!

Once in the lonely dark
It stabbed me through and through,
The sudden thought of your sweet young face:
And once, ere the early dew
Was dry on the springing grass,
And the morning wind blew free,
I almost met you beneath the firs,
Where the path turns down to the sea.

And your smiling shadow lives
In the chambers of my brain,
Where my spirit wanders, a homeless ghost,
Seeking your face again.
And if you be living yet,
Or where, I cannot know,
But my spirit clings in a bootless dream
To our meeting long ago.

M. Falconer in Chambers' Journal.

PIERRE'S FOUNDLING.

It was Pierre who first called her that, and Pierre was a creole, and Felice, his wife, was a creole, and so they both said, "Snow wide," but then they meant "Snow white," and everybody called her that. And very white she did look to Pierre that morning in the early spring, many years ago now, when he found her lying on the doorstep, a fleecy white shawl all around her, and only her little, round, baby blue eyes showing out of the whiteness.

"See what the good God has sent me, Felice," said Pierre, taking the little, soft, white bundle in his big, brown hands and carrying it in to his wife, "a little snow white baby."

And Felice turned back the shawl from the baby's head, and there, pinned to her little dress, was a card, and as Pierre bent down to see he read, "For Pierre and Felice."

"Did I not say, Felice," he cried. "See, it is for us—the good God has sent it."

When Felice bent down to kiss the rosy lips that cooed and smiled up at her she smelt the perfume on the little baby's clothes, and then she thought of the sweet, pale, gentle lady whose hair she had dressed a few nights before, and of the tall, dark man whom the lady had not called her husband, but her "friend." But she did not tell Pierre all this. What she did tell him was that they would take their new treasure and show it to the priest, and Pierre—good, simple hearted Pierre—went along very close beside Felice, wishing mightily that he could take the little white, soft bundle in his own arms.

And Pere Martin, when he looked into the little baby's eyes, remembered the slight, graceful woman who had knelt so long at vespers the evening before, and the sweet, gentle voice in which, when the service was over, she had questioned him about the coiffeuse, Felice, and Pierre, her husband, who lived in a room in the crumbling gray house beyond the church. He remembered also that the hand that dropped into his the heavy purse of gold, telling him it was to be given to this same Felice and Pierre, if they should need it, had no ring upon the third finger, and Pere Martin sighed as he looked into the baby's face and murmured, "Another lamb into the fold." But he, too, did not speak of what he remembered. Instead, he told them he would himself go with them to the office of the old notaire on the corner and that all would be arranged, and that the next day after mass they might bring the child to be christened.

And so they did and gave her the name of Snow-white. No other name would have suited her half so well. Snow white she was when they found her, and snow white Felice always tried to keep her. She was never too busy to put a few dainty tucks in baby's little white slip, or to wash her face or to curl her golden locks. And Pierre never came up stairs without stopping to wash his hands at the big tub down in the court so that he might not soil the baby's dress when he took her in his arms, and when he kissed her he always looked to see that he had not left the impress of his lips on hers. It was marvelous to see what a change the baby's coming made in the lives of the two, Pierre and Felice. Somehow Pierre'e step grew lighter and his laugh grew cheerier. His fellow workers noticed it down at the big warehouse where he hauled cotton on the dray, turning and pulling the bales with his sharp hook.

"Oh, I must not be so rough," he said to them, "since there is now a little one I may disturb with my big stepping."

And Felice's songs were gayer as she tripped about at her tidy housework, and her fingers were defter as she did her hair dressing, and her coiffures were more elaborate and graceful than ever before.

"It makes a difference, is it not so, madame?" she said as she was dressing the hair of a fond young mother, who sat the while gently swinging the cradle of her first born; "it makes a difference that there is now a little heart for your big one to hold. I know. It is all changed with me, now that the good God has sent us a little one. It does not matter so much now that I must go up and down the stair, that I must bring the water from the cistern in the court, that I must be forever crimping and curling and sticking in hairpins."

It did seem that all the little household was changed. There were not many, to be sure, for besides Pierre and Felice there were only Marta, and Babette and Sieur Antoine in the little gray house. Marta lived in the first floor, and from her apartments there came always the pleasing odor of burnt sugar, for it was in her own little back room that she made the white and golden ropes of candy that she sold upon the street every day. Marta's delight knew no bounds when Snow-white was able to sit alone and hold in the little chubby fist a stick of her whitest and crispest candy, sucking it till it ran down her wrists and chin and upon her white dress in streams of sticky sweetness.

"It is by the reason that the little one likes it that I make this cream candy," Marta would say to her customers, remembering Snow-white's enjoyment of the dainty. "Will you not try some to-day? It is nice."

And so she would go through the day with a lighter step and a heavier purse than of yore.

But it was Babette who always took care of Snow-white when Felice was away. Babette was a blanchisseuse, and was always washing, washing, washing in the big tubs down in the court. So when Snow-white was old enough and the days grew mild Babette would take her shawl, and spreading it out on the warm bricks that paved the court put the baby upon it, shading her little face from the sun by one of Pierre's big straw hats hung upon a stick. The baby grew to love Babette, with her broad, round face and her plump, white arms—grew to love the warm court where there was so much sunlight, and always the splashing of water and the flapping of snowy clothes on the line.

Then there was Sieur Antoine, with his violin, whom Snow-white soon learned to love too. At first he would only pause when he met Felice or Pierre upon the stair, and inquired in his sweet, gentle voice after the little one; but by and by he grew to stopping on his way up to his room to see the lady, all white and soft and clean, tucked away in her little bed. Sieur Antoine spoke but little, but he played, oh, so beautifully, sitting away up stairs by himself. His violin talked for him, he would say. He was always sad and often hungry, Pierre said. So when Snow-white was able to climb the stair without the fear of falling, Felice used sometimes send her up to Sieur Antoine's room with a slice of bread or a bit of meat that he might find it waiting for him on his table.

It was Pere Martin himself who used to come for the little girl when she was old enough to run about, and carry her with him to the church and his own cozy little house with its vine clad porch and its garden of roses behind. He would pluck the heavy headed buds that brushed her cheeks as she passed by them, and take her back home with her apron full of flowers, or her two hands full of the yellow oranges that grow upon the tree beside his window.

"May I not give the Virgin one?" the child would say, as she picked the finest flower of her bunch to lay at Mary's feet as they passed the church.

Thus among her good friends grew and prospered the little God given child of Pierre and Felice.

"How white is the snow, maman?" she would say to Felice; "is it so beautiful that you would have me like it?"

"By and by we shall see, Petite," Felice would answer.

But the sweet, warm, sunny weather came and went. There were chilly days now and then; days when Pierre would come home, shivering in his big overcoat; when Sieur Antoine's face would look paler and more pinched than ever; when Babette would lift the tubs to her room, and hang the clothes on lines before the fire; when the roses in Pere Martin's garden would be blighted with the cold, but the snow never came.

"How white is the snow, papa?" the child would ask, and Pierre would take a sample of cotton from the pocket of his blouse, and, tearing it into bits, scatter it in flakes about her head.

"Whiter than that," he would say, "but we shall see, Petite."

"Whiter than this," Babette would tell her, taking the frothy suds from her tub and throwing it about the child's head in the air, whence it fell in little water bits upon the pavement.

"Whiter than these," Pere Martin would say, as he lifted her to his broad shoulders and held her aloft till her face was buried in the mass of orange blossoms above.

I have told you that Snow-white grew and prospered, and so she did, only ere yet her eighth year was passed, when the winter came on Pere Martin felt the burden grow lighter as he lifted the child to his shoulder, and Sieur Antoine thought the little footsteps were less brisk as she mounted the stairs to his room.

"Our little one is not well," said Marta to Felice one day; "she no longer likes the candy; she no longer comes for her bit in the morning."

And that night when Snow-white lay asleep in her bed Felice knelt down beside her, and saw that the little face had indeed grown paler, and the little form thinner.

"What if the good God should take again the child he has lent us, Pierre?" she said despairingly, and together they knelt beside the child's couch and prayed. The next day the child could not rise; she lay there growing weaker and weaker, and fading away like the roses in Pere Martin's garden.

"Am I going to be a baby again, maman?" she would say sometimes. "I cannot walk, and you have always to lift me."

What a sad household it was when the little one's step was heard no more on the stair and her voice sounded no more in the halls! As the week passed on Felice's song was hushed, and she went out but seldom. Pierre's comrades noticed the poor fellow's sadness and pitied him. Babette would leave her tubs for hours to sit by the dear one's bed. Marta's voice was heard less cheerily on the street, and she found her way often to the old cathedral, where she might say a prayer for Snow-white.

"This is a strange winter," said Sieur Antoine one night as he sat by the little one's bed fingering his violin strings, which were taut and dry with the cold.

"Will it snow?" said the child, looking up eagerly.

"I remember, Pierre, the last time it snowed here. It has been eight years ago, for the little one had not come to us then. I remember it looked still and gray like this before the snow fell," said Felice.

"Yes, I remember," said Babette, "and I would not cover my tubs, thinking to catch the rain I thought was coming, and the next morning were they not beautiful!"

"Ah, is it so beautiful, the snow?" asked the child, lifting up her little hand that had grown so white and thin, "and shall I ever see it?"

"Surely, surely," answered Pierre; "God is good."

"Will you not take your violin, Sieur Antoine, and tell me how the snow looks?" said Snow-white.

And Sieur Antoine played. Those who knew felt the inaudible falling of the flakes, thicker and thicker, but gently as the drawing of a shroud. Sieur Antoine kept his eyes upon the little face, and he saw her waiting, listening. Suddenly a twang of the strings and the twist of his bow sent out as on the crisp air the jingle of sleigh bells, the sound of merry voices, and the child's face was glad. But Sieur Antoine had forgotten; with the sounds of gladness there came always for him the after note of sorrow, and he played on and on in the minor chords till the tears stood in the little one's eyes, and Felice put out her hand to stay him.

All during the night that followed there sounded in Snow-white's dreams the merry "snow music" and then the sorrow that came after it. "Will it be like that—and that?" she asked herself. While it was yet dark she heard below in the street the muffled rumble of a cart, and the cartman was singing. What was it he said? As he came nearer she heard in the man's deep voice, "Wash Me and I Shall Be Whiter Than Snow." She knew not what the words meant—how could she? But over and over again she kept saying the words to hereself till morning broke and daylight shone between the curtains, pale and strange. Something, she knew not what, sent a thrill through the little weak frame and eagerly she peered across the room to the streak of light that showed.

"Maman," she called by and by very softly. But Felice was by her side in a moment. She said nothing, but pointed with one hand toward the window.

"Ach, Pierre, Pierre, the snow, the snow!" shouted Felice, in her excitement forgetting the little sufferer on the couch, who leant upon her elbow trying to see the street below.

"Did I not say?" said Pierre, springing to his feet. "Surely God is good."

Together they lifted the little one's bed to the window that she might see, and she, with full heart, could not speak for joy; only her lips parted and her eyes overran with tears.

Marta and Babette were not long in coming to see the little one's joy, and Sieur Antoine too, only he did not tarry, but looked into the child's eyes and went away to Pere Martin. They came together by and by, shaking the white flakes from their coats and treading very softly in the hall.

"See, the snow has come, father," said Pierre, "and she knew, the little one, without seeing it, that it was come."

The little eyes were bent only on the window, where without the snow lay white and soft o'er street and housetop far as the vision went, but the priest, kneeling down beside the bed, took one little cold hand in his, saying:

"She is very near to God now; he told her."

"The snow has come," said the child's voice. "I knew it would, God told me."

Aye, God told her, and drew her nearer and nearer to him, for with her last breath the pale lips faltered out the words she had not understood. "Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow."

The snow was soon gone and with it the little one, but to the white vault that bears her name come often Pierre and Felice, burdened with the grief of their empty hearts. Marie still sells her candy on the street, but in her tray is found no longer the dainty bits for the "little one." Alone in the court Babette still scrubs and scrubs, but now, as never of yore, the tears run down her round cheeks and drop into her snowy suds. The roses bloom and wither in Pere Martin's little garden, and the orange blossoms fade, and the fruit falls upon the ground. Up stairs in his garret Sieur Antoine plays ever of the little snowflakes that glistened in his way of the spirit that is "whiter than snow."—Patience Oriel in Philadelphia Times.

Early Electric Phenomena.

An Englishman put on a pair of woolen stockings over his silk ones on a cold winter day. At night he pulled the stockings off without separating them and was astonished by the crackling noise and even the sparks of electricity which followed. When he drew the silk stockings out of the woolen ones the electrical attraction was so manifest that the stockings would incline toward one another when held more than a foot apart. It happened that the silk stockings were black and the woolen ones of light color, but when he tried the experiment with both stockings of the same color there was no electrical appearance. This stocking experiment soon got to be the fashionable "fad" in England. Leydon jars were charged by the stocking process, and great fun was had by giving light shocks to persons and domestic animals.—Exchange.

The German Emperor and Speechmaking.

The following anecdote is related of the German emperor during his journey in the iceboat to Stettin. During the dinner on the Haff, Herr Haker, councilor of commerce, rose, and was about to thank the emperor in the name of the merchants of Stettin for the interest which he had shown by his journey in the trade and communications of Stettin. The emperor noticed the intention and forestalled him by saying: "Dear councilor, let us leave this for today, otherwise I shall have to reply, and we are just now so jolly. Your health!" Of course the speech remained unspoken. —London Tit-Bits.

Big Collections in New York Churches.

A collection taken up at the church which Cornelius Vanderbilt attends one Sunday morning yielded $11,500, although it was not an unusual occasion, and no special requests for large amounts had been made. At some of our churches the Sunday collection runs frequently as high as $3,000 or $4,000, and at Grace and Trinity there are occasional collections as large as $10,000. This one, however, is believed to be the largest collection ever taken up on an occasion not extraordinary.—New York Cor. Philadelphia Press.

STAMP SAVINGS BANKS.

A SYSTEM OF SMALL SAVINGS THAT IS POPULAR IN DETROIT.

It Appeals Especially to Young Children, but Men and Women Are Also Among the Stamp Book Depositors—How the Method Is Conducted—A Boon to Many.

"The 'saving stamps' have let us into an almost new and profitable field of business," says Edwin F. Mack, cashier of the Citizens' Savings bank. "It has increased our business more in eight months than we were able to do by other methods in five years. The beauty of the arrangement is that it reaches a class of people who ordinarily have no business with any bank. When it is considered that we get this new business at the rate of less than one-half a cent on the dollar, and that this expense is more than covered by the actual operation of the system, we are pretty well pleased.

"The cost of the stamps is only one cent for fifty, the cost of the books is very small, and the expense of getting the stamps in the hands of depositors is also very slight. To offset this we have the use of the money from the time it is received for stamps until the stamps are turned into us as record of deposit. The persons buying the stamps let them accumulate for weeks and even months before having the amount entered on their regular bank books. We get interest on this money for that time without charge, and as this amounts to several thousand dollars the profit is quite an item.

HOW IT WORKS.

"Of course we are not philanthropists, but we take much satisfaction in knowing that the system is inducing a large number of people to save money who never did before. We have agents in many of the large factories, and the young employes after getting their pay buy a few stamps, while otherwise they would spend every dollar of their wages. They would not come down to the bank and open up an account with the small amount. But after they have a little start with the stamp process they very frequently come to the bank with a five dollar or ten dollar deposit. We have some depositors with hundreds to their credit who made fifteen and twenty cent starts. These are the ones that are liable to be the big customers of the future, and we are very glad to have their early trade.

"The corner grocerymen, who are our agents, tell how the system works. For instance, a woman goes in with $1 to buy groceries, and has five, ten or perhaps twenty-five cents left, which she invests in stamps. She leaves her book with the grocer and he cares for the stamps. The children, if they have no books of their own, are instructed to invest part of the small change in stamps. Her husband, instead of spending his small change for cigars, lends a helping hand by placing a few stamps in his wife's book.

"With the children the stamps are like the merit cards which you and I used to get at school. Each Sunday we got a little card and when we got a dozen of those we got a large card, and so many of those deserved a still larger and more brightly colored card. The delight of accumulating these cards you can well remember. It is the same with the children and these stamps. They hustle around until they get twenty stamps to fill a page and are much tickeled when they can make the first entry in their bankbook.

"We have ninety-five agents in this city and agents in Saginaw, Port Huron and other cities. Of our thousands of depositors a large per cent. of them are children, but as many of them brought their parents with them we are well pleased."

HIGHER DENOMINATIONS.

"The stamp saving system has proved to be a very good thing for us," said E. C. Bowman, cashier of the Detroit savings bank. "Unlike any other stamp system of savings, our stamps are of different denominations and different classes of customers are accommodated. For instance, we have 5 cent, 10 cent, 25 cent and 50 cent stamps, and $1, $2, $5 and $10 cards. That is to say, when a card is filled it has these respective values. Our customers have learned this, and those who make enough money so that they frequently can deposit 25 cents at a time do not bother with 5 cent stamps, which require so much 'licking' and 'pasting.' We were somewhat surprised ourselves to see the popularity of the larger denominations.

"Of course the working of the system is pretty well understood. We have 125 agents at present, and the stamps are placed in their hands. It requires several thousand stamps a day to supply their demands. The depositors place the stamps on a card, and when this card is full they get a credit on their bank book. We make the feature incidental to our banking business, and think it admirable because it enables us to reach every class of people who may be induced to save money. It has largely increased our business, not only by the depositors who use the device, but the people who come with them. Fully 75 per cent. of the depositors are children, and, of course, their accounts are small, but very frequently their fathers come to the banks where the children are doing business."

While the reporter and Mr. Bowman were in the basement of the banking building looking over the record of the stamp business, the cashier called attention to several wooden cupboards which he said contained all the saving bank books issued by the bank from 1849 to the present date. They were numbered from 1 up to 73,000. Then he showed No. 13, which was issued to a young man who was then employed on a railroad. The man is still a depositor in the bank, and there has never been a time since when he did not have a small balance. He still has the same number, is still in the employ of the same company and ought to have a snug bit of property by this time.—Detroit News.

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MAKING GLAD THE WASTE (WAIST) PLACES.

"That's what I call making glad the waist places," said Smithson, as he put his arm around a lady's waist. But Lilly won't care much for this show of affection if Smithson does not get rid of that disagreeable catarrh of his. Won't somebody tell him that Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure him.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases. This infallible remedy does not, like the poisonous irritating snuffs, "creams" and strong caustic solutions with which the public have long been humbugged, simply palliate for a short time, *or drive the disease to the lungs*, as there is danger of doing in the use of such nostrums, but *it produces* perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh in the Head, as thousands can testify. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic.

In perfect faith, the makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy—the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo, N. Y., offers to pay $500 to any one suffering from Chronic Catarrh in the Head whom they cannot cure.

Now, if the conditions were reversed—if they asked you to pay $500 for a positive cure you might hesitate. Here are reputable men, with years of honorable dealing; thousands of dollars and a great name back of them and they say—"We can cure you because we've cured thousands like you—if we can't we'll pay you $500 for the knowledge that there's one whom we can't cure."

They believe in themselves. Isn't it worth a trial? Isn't any trial preferable to catarrh?

As good as new

—that's the condition of liver, stomach and bowels, when Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets have done their work. It's a work that isn't finished when you've stopped ta'ing them, either. It's lasting. They *cure*, as well as relieve. And it's all done so mildly and gently! There's none of the violence that went with the old-time pill. One tiny, sugar-coated Pellet's a gentle laxative—three to four act as a cathartic. Sick Headache, Bilious Headache, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are prevented, relieved, and cured. As a Liver Pill, they're unequaled. They're purely vegetable, perfectly harmless—the smallest, cheapest, and easiest to take.

The Prejudice Against Reporters.

The old time prejudice against reporters is fast passing away. The pencil and notebook scribe now finds little difficulty in gaining access to any and every house in town. This is especially the case with women reporters, who are now chosen from a class of people who would as soon think of moral suicide as of violating a confidence. Whatever is told them they respect and only print that which is actually intended for publication. People have found this out from experience and they have gained confidence accordingly. But some of this reporting is terribly exacting work and difficult to manage. For example, Miss Reporter goes to see Mrs. Interview about a forgery in which her brother was implicated—not actually guilty, you know, but drawn into the case in a questionable way, possibly receiving diamonds for his wife when the world said no diamonds were due.

"Now, I'll tell you confidentially," begins Mrs. Interview.

"No, please don't tell me confidentially, because I shall want to give the newspapers a fair account, and I can't do it if you bind me in this way."

"Well, you can say that those jewels were promised long ago and were given to my sister-in-law because she was of service to Mrs. Blank when her last baby was born. But please don't tell that."

"I think if you let me mention that little fact every one will understand and be in sympathy, and it will do your brother's side of the story lots of good."

"Oh, no! no, indeed! But you may tell part of it."

And so the interview goes on, wearing out the unhappy reporter, who must get in her "story," and who is doing battle between her newspaper instincts and the betrayal of confidence. Try reporting a little while if you think you can always tell the right thing and withhold the wrong. Just try it.—Newport News.

Word Shadows.

Under this title a writer in The Atlantic Monthly discourses upon the fanciful and grotesque dialect of the southern negro. In the "plantation patois" are many expressions which display genuine humor and a happy knack at picturesque statement, as, for example, when an unproductive piece of ground is called "failery lan'," and an obedient and tractable servant an "orderly gal."

The favorite and indispensable bread of the field hand—that made of corn meal—is "John Constant," while wheaten bread is "Billy Seldom." Our word "excuse" becomes "'scuse" in the negro's mouth. There are few of his race, alas, who have not been, at some time or other, "'scuse of a cow," "'scuse of a pig," "'scuse of a pa'r shoes" and so on down the scale.

A half starved calf is a "calf dat's been whipped wid de churn dasher." To keep down grass is to "fight wid Gen'al Green." A matter well accomplished is "essentially done," as, for instance, "When she cooks, she des essentially cooks good." A proud person is an "umptious somebody."

To live easily and happily is to live "jolly and wid pleadjure." To be ill is to "have a misery." To be quite well is to be "des sorter tollerble." Entertaining conversation is "mockin' bird talk."

Lively tunes are "sinner songs," or "reels," or "corn-hollers." "jump up songs," or "chunes dat skip wid de banjo." Religious songs are "member songs" or "hymn chunes."

Not to be a church member is to be "settin on the sinner seat," "still in de open fiel'," "drinkin' de cup of damnation," and many other such phrases. To enter the church is to "jine de band," to "take up de cup er salvation," to "git a seat wid de members," to be "gethered in," to "put on a shine line gyarment," and so on indefinitely.

A Wonderful Man.

Williams Kingston, of Ditch-heat, Somersetshire, England, was "the most wonderful of all that wondrous krew." Concerning him a writer of The London Chronicle says: I put half a sheet of paper, with pen and ink, on the floor before him. He threw off his shoes as he sat; took the inkstand in the toes of his left foot (having been born without arms), and held the pen in those of the right. He then wrote three fine lines better than most can with the fingers. He feeds himself, and can bring both his meat or his broth to his mouth by holding the fork or spoon in his toes. He showed me how he shaves.

He can dress and undress himself. He is a farmer by occupation; milks his cows with his toes, cuts his own hay and binds up the bundles and carries it about the field for his cattle. In saddling and bridling his horse he does it with his teeth. He is so strong in his teeth that he can lift ten pecks of beans with them, and he can throw a hammer as far with his feet as most people can with their hands.

The Baby's Bath.

Nursery conveniences have been supplemented by the introduction of a new sponge basin. This is a pretty and deep china bowl, decorated in quaint Greenaway figures and divided into two distinct receptacles by a porcelain partition. Hot and cold water are thus directly at nurse's hand, with a powder box and a soap cup of a pattern to match. To further increase the usefulness of this novelty, small willowware stands in white and gold are provided, on to which the sponge bath may be lifted and readily transported to any part of the room.

Huge but light weight willow woven hampers, exquisitely trimmed with white esprit and pale blue ribbons, are fitted up with every known nursery luxury, from an ivory and silver rattle to keep the small bother quiet, to the day's wardrobe and a cushion fine enough for a duchess' toilet table; no single article is lacking. The bassinet, with its low swung rockers and graceful canopy, is done up in the same manner and leaves the infant nothing to desire.—Illustrated American.

A Pardonable Mistake.

Editor—What is that proof you have—the Morse alphabet?

Assistant—No; an interview with a parrot.—Puck.

The Light of the Sun.

The sun gives 600,000 times as much light as the full moon, 7,000,000,000 times as much as the brightest star in the sky and 36,000,000 times as much as all the stars in the heavens combined. In size the sun equals 1,300,000 earths, but owing to its smaller density its weight equals only 300,000 earths.—Current Literature.

AN ODD GHOST STORY.

SHAWLEY, THE GROCER BOY'S SPIRIT, BRINGS TROUBLE.

Miss Kingsley Scared the Child, He Fell and Died—Now She Sees the Little German in Every Boy That Brings Her Groceries—A True Story.

Miss Emily Kingsley, a most respectable maiden lady, who lives in a dainty little flat on Throop avenue, near Hancock street, Brooklyn, is being pursued by the outraged ghost of a German grocery boy.

Miss Kingsley has a snug little fortune, and for years she has maintained an independent establishment with the aid of a dignified colored person named Martha. As Miss Kingsley and Martha never kept late hours nor gave card parties, they led, on the whole, a very happy, if uneventful, existence, until within the past year. Then the "hant" came into their lives.

Fifteen months ago Miss Kingsley was living in a flat on Madison street, Brooklyn. Most of her supplies in the provision line were drawn from a corner grocery in the neighborhood and delivered by a little German grocery boy. He was a jolly fat chap, with a stupid face and prodigiously red cheeks, full blue eyes and hair that gained him the title of "cottontop" with all the children of the neighborhood.

HIS BOSS CALLED HIM "SHAWLEY."

His trips to Miss Kingsley's flat were a never ending source of delight to "Shawley," whose correct name, by the way, was Karl. Like many other maiden ladies, Miss Kingsley detested children, and though "Shawley" did the work of three or four men, still, on account of his size, and particularly on account of his actions, he was nothing but an intensely disagreeable boy in the eyes of "die alte jungfrau," as she was known at "Shawley's" store.

One day, while the poor lady was suffering from a particularly bad state of nervousness, "Shawley" came thumping up the stairway with a big basketful of potatoes for the Kingsley household. He had been told scores of times to send his goods up by the dumbwaiter; but, like a true grocery boy, he did just the opposite, though it caused him a good deal of extra trouble. With an exclamation of rage Miss Kingsley flew out into the hall just in time to see the boy mounting the last step. Startled by the sudden appearance of his angry customer, and completely taken by surprise, "Shawley" stumbled, and, losing his hold, tumbled down the stairs, with the big basket on top of him.

Miss Kingsley, grimly observing that it served him right, bounced back into her sitting rooms. As for "Shawley," he lay wonderfully still for a German grocery boy. It was dark in the hall, otherwise it might have been seen that his usually red cheeks had very suddenly lost all their color. After a few minutes, however, during which the people on the floor stood by laughing, "Shawley" managed to get up. He gathered in as many of his potatoes as he could find, though it gave him a queer pain to stoop, and then he tried to carry the basket up again. But he couldn't.

HAUNTED BY THE BOY.

So he left it where it was, and, still with that queer pain which almost made him cry with every step, he slowly walked back to the store. Next day it was said that "Shawley" was sick in bed, and a week later a hearse drove up to the side door back of the grocery and carried the little "cottontop" away to the Lutheran cemetery.

Miss Kingsley, who is a thoroughly good hearted lady, was inexpressibly shocked. And then came the "hant." Not at midnight, nor even after dark, but in broad daylight. Every grocery boy who delivered her groceries was a living image of "Shawley." They called themselves "Ernest" and "Yake" and "Hiney" and "Willie," and they all smiled at Miss Kingsley's startled looks when she first saw them, but the good lady knew that they were all "Shawley."

At first Martha waxed pathetically earnest in trying to dissuade her mistress from believing in this illusion.

The doctor found that his patient was suffering from hysterical mania, caused by incessant worrying over poor "Shawley's" death. In this state it was not unnatural that she should imagine herself haunted by the appearance of the other grocery boys, who generally resemble one another as closely as two peas in a pod. The doctor, like Miss Kingsley's friends, tried to show her that she was deceived by this resemblance, but so far he has not succeeded, and unless a change comes soon he will order his patient from the city.—New York Continent.

Silk Umbrellas Common.

The manufacture and consumption of silk umbrellas is steadily on the increase in this country. To see a cotton umbrella in use in the large cities is about as rare an occurrence now as the sight of a silk umbrella was thirty years ago.

The rapidly increasing wealth of the country, together with the great reduction in the cost of silk fabrics, are the main causes which have effected this change.

While the majority of the silk umbrellas in use are made of a texture of silk and cotton, the increase is in the consumption not only of all silk umbrellas, but also of the very highest and finest grades.

One of the umbrella manufacturers of this city says he believes that the day is not far distant when a well dressed American will not be seen on the street with a cheap, shabby or clumsy umbrella, but will deem a fine, close rolling, natty one as much a personal requisite as a good looking hat or coat.—New York Continent.

Only Thoughts.

Sanso (in dining car)—What are you thinking about?

Rodd—I've just been thinking that if by any process of evolution one of these waiters should develop into a bird, what a terrible bill he would have!—Harper's Bazar.

BRONCHITIS

Is an inflammation of the bronchial tubes—the air-passages leading into the lungs. Few other complaints are so prevalent, or call for more prompt and energetic action. As neglect or delay may result seriously, effective remedies should always be at hand. Apply at once a mustard poultice to the upper part of the chest, and, for internal treatment, take frequent doses of

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C. O. Lepper, Druggist, Fort Wayne, Ind., writes: "My little sister, four years of age, was so ill from bronchitis that we had almost given up hope of her recovery. Our family physician, a skilful man and of large experience, pronounced it useless to give her any more medicine, saying he had done all it was possible to do, and we must prepare for the worst. As a last resort, we determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I can truly say, with most happy results. After taking a few doses she seemed to breathe easier, and, within a week, was out of danger. We continued giving the Pectoral until satisfied she was entirely well. This indisputable evidence of the great merit of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has given me unbounded confidence in the preparation, and I recommend it to my customers, knowing it cannot disappoint them."

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me of a bad cough and my partner of bronchitis. I know of numerous cases in which this preparation has proved very beneficial in families of

Young Children,

so that the medicine is known among them as 'the consoler of the afflicted.'"—Jaime Rufus Vidal, San Cristobel, San Domingo.

"A short time ago, I was taken with a severe attack of bronchitis. The remedies ordinarily used in such cases failed to give me relief. Almost in despair of ever finding anything to cure me, I bought a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was helped from the first dose. I had not finished one bottle before the disease left me, and my throat and lungs were as sound as ever."—Geo. B. Hunter, Altoona, Pa.

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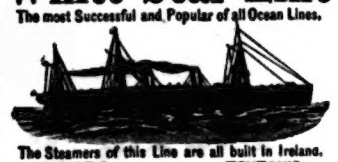

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 3 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh F Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—P T Nichol, C R, 845 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 739 Hinman st; P H Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N J Francheres, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 158 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry O Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 178 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2907 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 183 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S; G E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halsted st; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3223 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J B McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 359 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Kielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 434h and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Deailauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 6438 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 798 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 61st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; R W Rye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E R Ashendon, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lamb, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 52 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Francchere's hall, 158 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 258 Sherman st; Frank A Rucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seita, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomsets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Raier, R S, 209 W Thirteenth st; John McBhen, F S; John J Harnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond O Foley, R S, 419 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleason, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fanzl, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 286 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 236 Cleveland av; Joseph F Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawlonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas P Leak, R S, 239 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Ravanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 341 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St. Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson sts.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Fusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Bohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 3594 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4046 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Fiugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 3511 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3244 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3127 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 567 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; S E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J J Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1429 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 430 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger af and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brunciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursday.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—F Testy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 259 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J H Dady, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—E J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2516 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

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Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; John McCabe, Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in Risserman's Hall South Chicago

Div. No. 11—Pres., M. C. Redmond, 17 Artesian av.; V.-P., P. J. Kane; Rec. Sec., W. G. Graham, 13 Currier st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2862 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Laue, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasser's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freuderast, Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Longest. Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V.-P., James Lowney; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas. James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec., Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., ... Lof'us, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Brenahan Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres. James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. Sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 183 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4304 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantlon, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. J. F Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V.-P., M. J. Sullivan; Rec. Sec., James Dolan, Box 287 Pullman; Fin. Sec., Peter Tully; Treas., Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Downing, 258 N. Clark st; V.-P. Thomas Feaney; Rec. Sec., John Muldoon, 40 Artesian av; Fin. Sec., Michael Moore; Treas., James O. King. Meets last Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 2303 Lowe av; V.-P., J. J. Burke; Rec. Sec., M. J. O'Brien, 2303 Butler st; Fin. Sec., Patrick Quinn; Treas., Michael Ravanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Ravanaugh's hall, 3618 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty-second st; V.-P., Patrick Foley; Rec. Sec., Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st.; Fin Sec., Patrick Crimmins; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday of each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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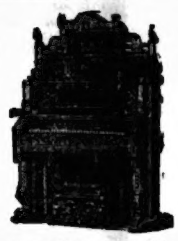

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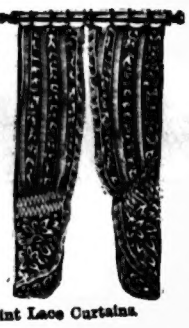

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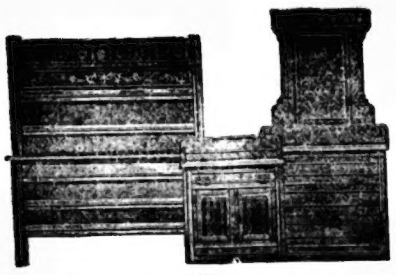

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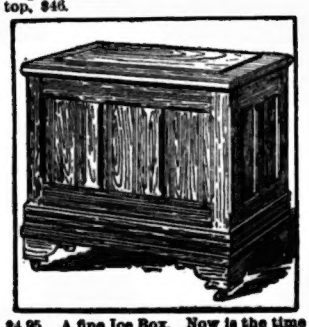

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